

'KEEP 'EM FLYIN'!

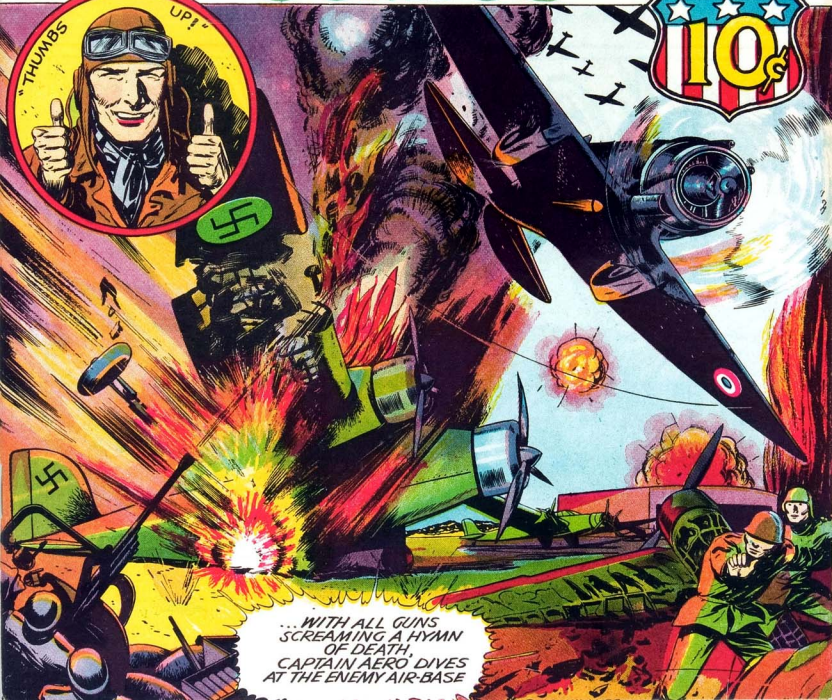
D-10-8  
No. 1  
DECEMBER

*with*  
CAPTAIN



# AERO

COMICS



...WITH ALL GUNS  
SCREAMING A HYMN  
OF DEATH,  
CAPTAIN AERO DIVES  
AT THE ENEMY AIR-BASE





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



CAPTAIN



WRITTEN BY  
ALLEN ULMER  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
RAY WILLNER

# AERO



FROM THE WRIGHT BROTHERS TO THE FLYING FORTRESS IS A LONG STEP IN THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR...AS PROGRESS HAS MOLDED THE MEN WHO FLY INTO MASTER PILOTS, SO OUR EAGLE OF FREEDOM HAS BECOME A SYMBOL OF *WINGS OVER AMERICA!*



AT A  
SECLUDED  
WEST COAST  
AIR FIELD,  
A GROUP  
OF ARMY  
OFFICIALS  
ARE ABOUT  
TO INSPECT  
A NEW  
PLANE, THE  
SECRET  
P-60

SHE LOOKS LIKE A  
FINE SHIP GENTLEMAN,  
--I-- OH HERE COMES  
CAPTAIN AERO, I  
GUESS HE'S READY  
TO GIVE HER THE  
TEST.



EVERY THING ELSE IS  
IN ORDER, CAPTAIN, AND  
NOW IT'S UP TO YOU TO  
SEE HOW SHE FLYS!

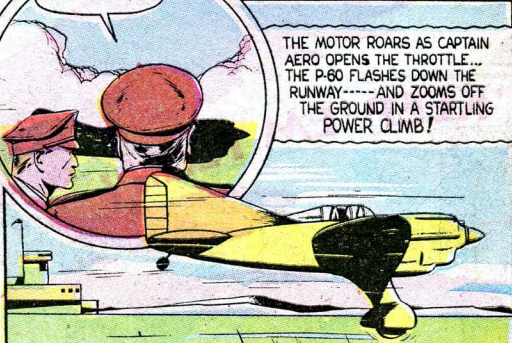
I THINK YOU'LL  
FIND HER JUST  
WHAT THE ARMY  
NEEDS, MAJOR!

THERE  
SHE GOES!

RECEIVING HIS FINAL INSTRUCTIONS  
CAPTAIN AERO CLIMBS NIMBLY  
INTO THE COCKPIT



THE MOTOR ROARS AS CAPTAIN  
AERO OPENS THE THROTTLE...  
THE P-60 FLASHES DOWN THE  
RUNWAY-----AND ZOOMS OFF  
THE GROUND IN A STARTLING  
POWER CLIMB!



UP! UP! UP!-- THE  
NEW SHIP CLIMBS AT  
TREMENDOUS SPEED  
TO THE STRATOSPHERE

WOW!-- TWENTY-FIVE  
THOUSAND FEET! NOW FOR  
THE DIVE. O.K. BABY, LET'S  
GO!!

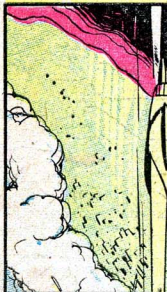


NOSING DOWN  
SHARPLY, THE PLANE  
SCREAMS EARTHWARD  
IN A TERRIFIC  
POWER DIVE!

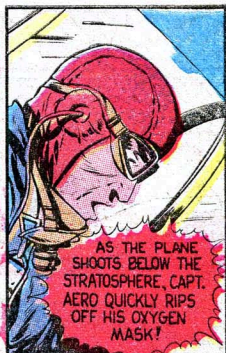




DOWN THE P-60 PLUMMETS...THE WHINE OF THE MOTOR RISES TO A HIGH PITCHED SCREAM ---

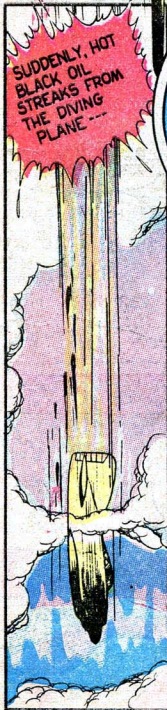


HOLY JUMPIN' CAT FISH--I'M DOING OVER 700 MILES PER HOUR--WHATTA SHIP!



AS THE PLANE SHOOTS BELOW THE STRATOSPHERE, CAPT. AERO QUICKLY RIPS OFF HIS OXYGEN MASK!

SUDDENLY, HOT BLACK OIL STREAMS FROM THE DIVING PLANE ---



SOMETHING'S WRONG! HE CAN'T PULL OUT-- JUMP AERO--FOR GOD'S SAKE-- JUMP!



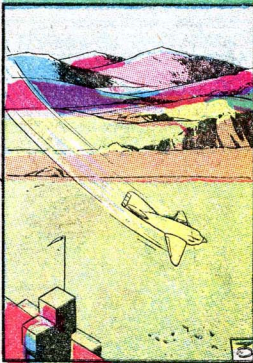
QUICK! GET ROLLING-- HE'S GOING TO CRASH!!



COME ON, BABY, COME ON! GIVE ME SOME RUDDER--YOU CAN COME OUT OF THIS!--COME ON, I'M BETTING ON YOU! OH--OH--HERE SHE COMES--ATTA BABY--AH-H-H-H!!

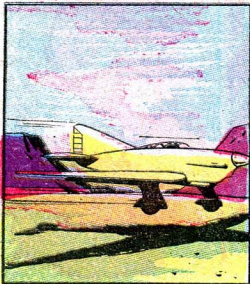


EXERTING ALL HIS STRENGTH, CAPTAIN AERO HOLDS BACK ON THE STICK! THE GREAT SHIP RESPONDS AND ROARS OVER THE FIELD NOT 200 FEET FROM THE GROUND...

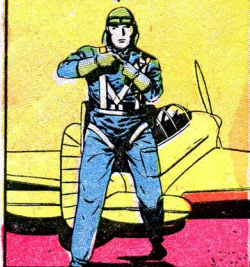




APPLYING HIS AIRBRAKES TO HIS SPEED, HE SWINGS DOWN TO A PERFECT LANDING



WOW! --- THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL ---!



THE AMAZED ARMY OFFICIALS DASH QUICKLY UP TO THE P-60

WELL, HERE'S YOUR PLANE, GENTLEMEN. I JUST ABOUT GOT HER DOWN. THE CONTROLS WERE JAMMED --- THAT'S ALL!



SHE'S A GOOD SHIP MAJOR. I'M SURE THE ARMY WILL FIND HER A DANDY!!

THAT WAS A GREAT PIECE OF FLYING, AERO. I WAS KIND OF WORRIED FOR A MOMENT OR TWO!!



IT WAS JUST LUCK PULLING OUT OF THAT DIVE! --- HERE'S ALL THE DATA, MAJOR SHE WAS DOING TOO AN HOUR!



...AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, CAPT. AERO DRIVES AWAY FROM THE FIELD

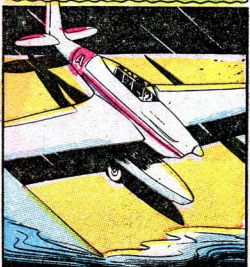
WELL, I GUESS THAT WILL BE THE LAST SHIP I'LL TEST-HOP FOR ANWHILE. I'M LEAVING TONIGHT FOR HALIFAX. I'M GOING TO FERRY PLANE'S OVER TO ENGLAND!!



SORRY TO SEE YOU GO, OLD MAN -- WELL, GOOD LUCK. I KNOW AMERICA CAN DEPEND ON YOU -- ENGLAND NEEDS THE BOMBERS AND WE MUST DO EVERYTHING IN OUR POWER TO SEE THAT SHE GETS THEM SAFELY!



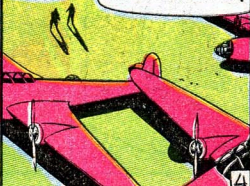
...THAT NIGHT CAPTAIN AERO SPEEDS DOWN THE RUNWAY IN A NEW AMPHIBIAN -- BOUND FOR CANADA --- AND ENGLAND



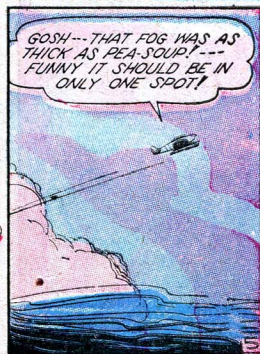
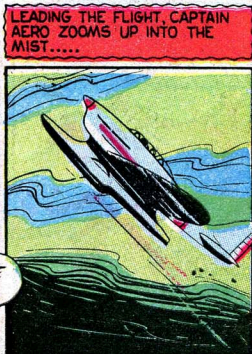
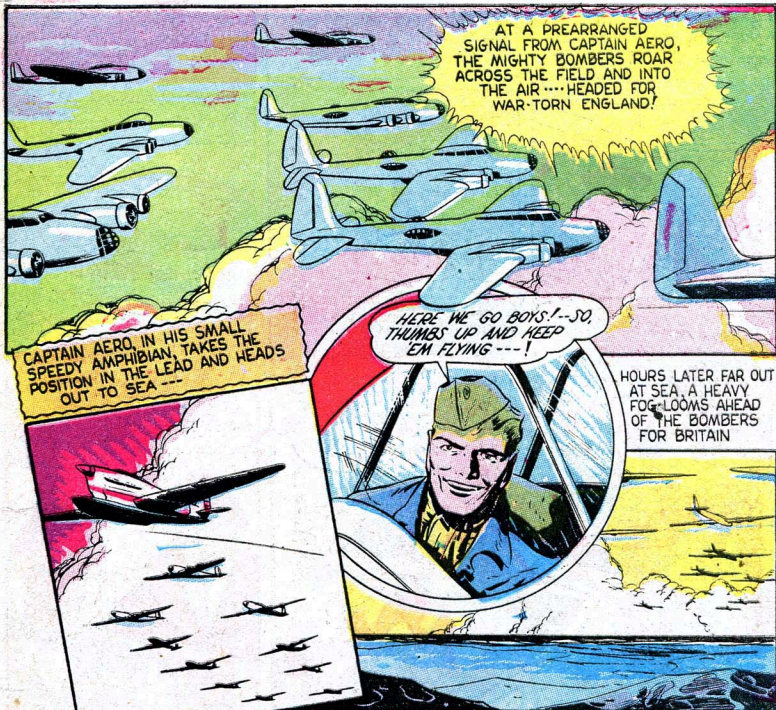
... TWO DAYS LATER AT THE HALIFAX AIRFIELD ---

WE'RE READY TO SHOVE OFF SIR, JUST SAY THE WORD!

GOOD AERO, IF THINGS GO RIGHT, YOU'LL BE IN ENGLAND BY TEN TONIGHT. HAPPY LANDINGS!









HEY, WHAT THE? --- THE BOMBERS HAVEN'T PULLED OUT OF THAT FOG YET! WHERE ARE THEY?? --- SOMETHING'S WRONG!

DIVING BACK..... INTO THE HEAVY MIST, HE SEARCHES FRANTICALLY FOR THE BIG BOMBERS ----

--- CUTTING HIS MOTOR, AERO GLIDES LOW, SKIMS OVER THE WATER, AND SETS THE SHIP DOWN IN THE HEAVY FOG ---



THIS IS THE STRANGEST THING I'VE EVER HEARD OF! A WHOLE SQUADRON OF BOMBERS DISAPPEAR IN A --- OH--OH-- WE HIT SOMETHING --- AND THIS FOG SMELLS FUNNY!

JEEPERS! YOU CAN'T SEE YOUR HAND IN FRONT OF YOUR FACE --HEY, I'M ON A FLOATING ISLAND --- WOW! THIS DON'T MAKE SENSE!

YES, CAPTAIN, ONLY THE NAZIS WOULD THINK OF USING A CAMOUFLAGED ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN TO STOP SUPPLIES FROM REACHING ENGLAND! AND NOW, COME WITH ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR BOMBERS!

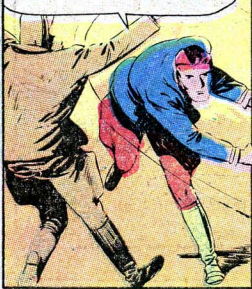
OH YEAH? IT'S MY JOB TO SEE THAT THOSE PLANES REACH ENGLAND! OUT OF MY WAY RATZ! BEFORE I GET MAD!

AH-- CAPTAIN AERO, I PRESUME --- WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

WHA --- OH, NAZIS! I GET IT NOW!



I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT THOSE BOMBERS DOWN HERE, BUT I'M GOING TO GET THEM BACK WHERE THEY BELONG!





AFTER KNOCKING DOWN THE NAZI OFFICER, CAPTAIN AERO DASHES TOWARD AN IMMENSE HANGAR BARELY VISIBLE IN THE FOG!



WHAT TH! -- HERE COMES SOME MORE OF THEM!

GRAB HIM MEN! -- DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU BOYS, BUT I'M IN A HURRY!

I HOPE THAT FISTKRIEG HOLDS THOSE MUGS FOR AWHILE, SO I CAN FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO MY MEN AND THE BOMBERS!



HEY! CAPTAIN AERO!

WHAT THE DEVIL HAPPENED? -- HOW THE HECK DID THEY GET YOU?!



WE WERE FORCED DOWN BY SOME SORT OF A MAGNETIC IMPULSE GENERATED FROM THIS ISLAND! AS SOON AS WE HIT THE FOG IT GOT US -- WE'RE LUCKY WE DIDN'T CRACK-UP!



SO THAT'S THEIR TRICK! BOY, THEY SURE ARE OUT TO STOP THESE BOMBERS FROM REACHING ENGLAND! I--OH--OH--HERE THEY COME AGAIN!

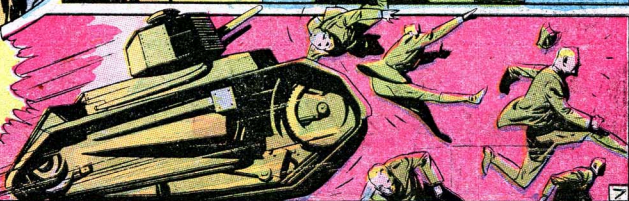


AS THE NAZIS RUSH UP, CAPTAIN AERO LEAPS INTO ONE OF THE TANKS STANDING NEAR THE CELLS!



I HOPE THIS BUGGY IS IN WORKING ORDER!

KICKING OVER THE MOTOR, HE SWINGS IT AROUND AND SENDS IT CRASHING INTO THE ON-COMING NAZIS!





SUDDENLY CHANGING HIS DIRECTION, HE SMASHES THE SIDE OF THE TANK INTO THE BARS OF THE CELLS, THEN VEERS SHARPLY TO A GENERATOR HUMMING NEARBY

I HOPE THIS THING CONTROLS THE MAGNET!

C'MON MEN! WE'VE GOT TO GET THOSE BOMBERS OFF THIS ISLAND!

OH, OH--HERE WE GO AGAIN--MORE NAZIS--C'MON SHOW THEM HOW THE YANKS FIGHT!

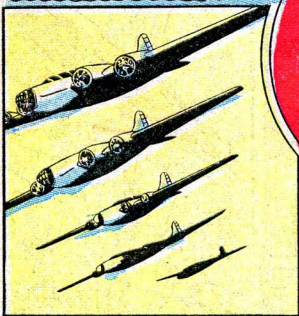
LIKE A HUMAN BATTERING RAM, THE AMERICAN FLIERS TEAR INTO THE STARTLED NAZI SOLDIERS!

THAT'S THE STUFF, BOYS!--LOOK UP AHEAD--THERE'S OUR SHIPS!

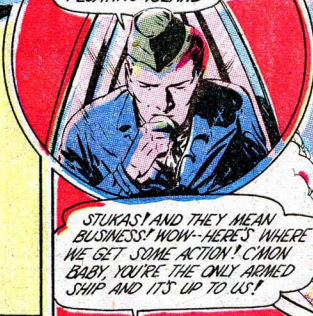
ALL RIGHT--INTO YOUR PLANE'S AND LET'S GO! ENGLAND IS WAITING FOR US!



THE SMASHED GENERATOR NO LONGER DELIVERING CURRENT TO THE MAGNET, ENABLES THE BOMBERS NOW FREE FROM ITS EFFECTS TO AGAIN ROAR INTO THE AIR...



O.K. BOYS, HEAD DUE EAST--I'LL NOTIFY THE BRITISH NAVY TO HUNT UP AND DESTROY THAT FLOATING ISLAND

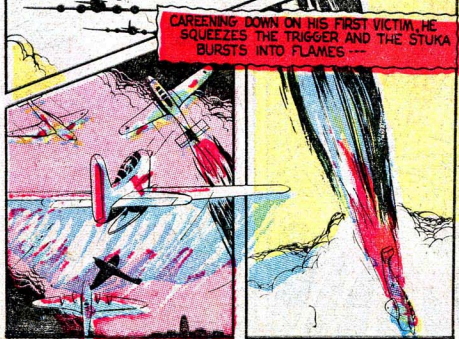
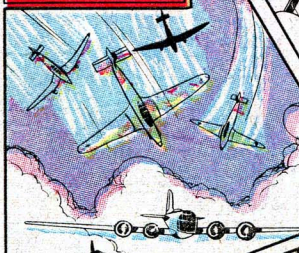


STUKAS! AND THEY MEAN BUSINESS! WOW--HERE'S WHERE WE GET SOME ACTION! C'MON BABY, YOU'RE THE ONLY ARMED SHIP AND IT'S UP TO US!

...BUT HIGH OVERHEAD, A SQUADRON OF NAZI STUKAS PEEL OFF AND DIVE AT THE UNSUSPECTING AND UNARMED BOMBERS...



WITH GUNS CHATTERING, THE NAZIS DIVE AT THE GIANT BOMBERS ---



CAREENING DOWN ON HIS FIRST VICTIM, HE SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER AND THE STUKA BURSTS INTO FLAMES ---



PUTTING HIS PLANE INTO A SCREAMING DIVE, AERO PLUMMETS INTO BATTLE ---



BANKING SHARPLY, HE BLASTS AWAY AT THE ATTACKERS / ONE BY ONE THEY DROP UNDER THE TERRIFIC HAMMERING AND SUPERIOR FLYING OF THE MASTER PILOT...



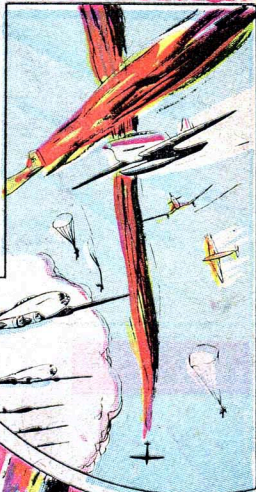
THAT'S ANOTHER ONE OUT OF THE FIGHT... I BETTER TELL THOSE BOMBERS TO KEEP ROLLING!



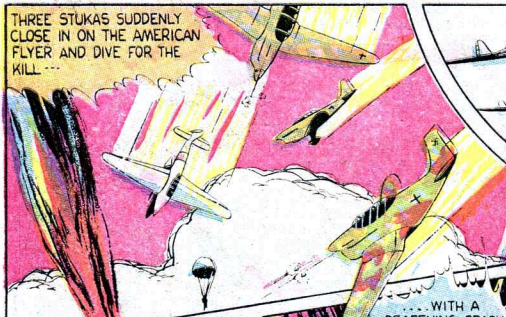
FULL SPEED AHEAD, BOYS-- KEEP YOUR FORMATION! I'LL HOLD THESE BABIES OFF AS LONG AS POSSIBLE---



...OBEYING CAPTAIN AERO'S ORDERS, THE FLYING FORTRESSES SWING INTO FLIGHT POSITION---AND ROAR AWAY..



THREE STUKAS SUDDENLY CLOSE IN ON THE AMERICAN FLYER AND DIVE FOR THE KILL---



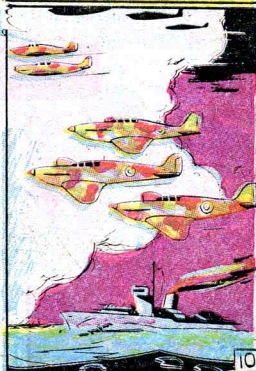
BUT THE SWIFTNESS OF THE SLEEK AMPHIBIAN TAKES THE NAZI PILOTS BY SURPRISE, AND CAPT. AERO ZOOMS OUT OF THE TRAP



... WITH A DEAFENING CRASH THE THREE STUKAS COLLIDE IN MID-AIR!

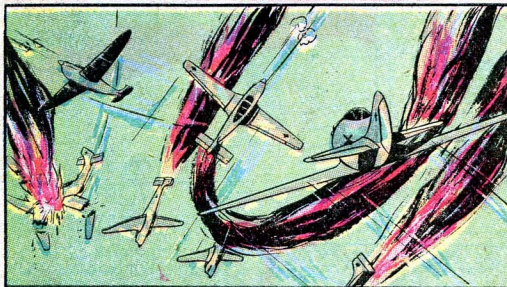


NOT FAR AWAY, A FAST SQUAD OF ENGLISH "HURRICANES" AND A POWERFUL DESTROYER RESPOND TO AERO'S CALL FOR HELP---





...AND A FEW MINUTES LATER DIVING OUT OF THE CLOUDS, THE BRITISH HURRICANES BLAST INTO THE FRAY! AS THEY SPREAD OUT FOR THE BATTLE, THE SKY BECOMES A TANGLE OF SCREAMING METAL BIRDS...



ACH, BRITISH! --I DID NOT EXPECT THIS!--BREAK FORMATION! EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!



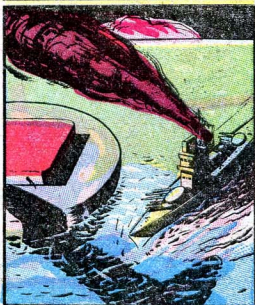
....AS THE ENEMY COMMANDER DIVES BELOW THE CLOUDS, CAPT. AERO FOLLOWS CLOSE ON HIS TAIL...



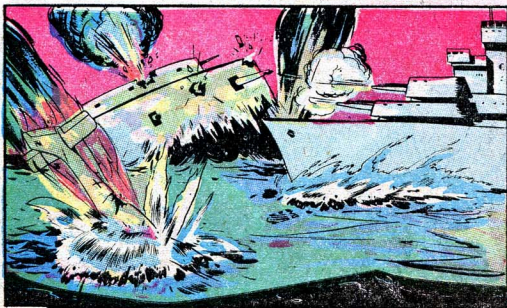
LOOK AT HIM GO! RUNNING OUT ON HIS OWN MEN--- OH WELL, I CAN'T CHASE HIM ALL OVER THE SKY!!



...THE DESTROYER PULLS ALONG SIDE OF THE FLOATING ISLAND...



SWINGING QUICKLY INTO POSITION, THE SIGNAL IS GIVEN TO FIRE! UNDER A HEAVY BOMBARDMENT, THE METAL ISLAND REELS WILDLY AND SINKS...



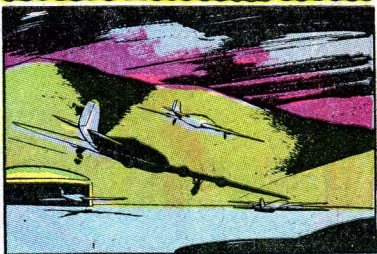
WELL, I GUESS THAT FINISHES THAT BOMBER TRAP!--NOW TO CATCH UP WITH MY FLIGHT---







...LATE THAT NIGHT SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND, THE SLEEK HUGE AMERICAN MADE BOMBERS LAND SAFELY...



WE'RE MIGHTY GLAD TO SEE YOU, CAPT. AERO! I UNDERSTAND YOU RAN INTO TROUBLE!

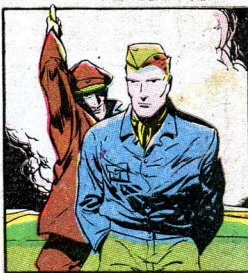
YES IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR BOYS COMING TO THE RESCUE, WE WOULD PROBABLY BE STILL FIGHTING!



THE ENEMY SURE IS OUT TO STOP THESE PLANES FROM GETTING HERE BUT WITH AMERICA BACKING YOU UP, YOU CAN BE ASSURED OF DELIVERY.



LATER THAT NIGHT AS CAPTAIN AERO WALKS OUT ONTO THE FIELD, A FIGURE LURKING IN THE SHADOWS OF A HANGAR SUDDENLY RUSHES UP BEHIND HIM ---



SENSING DANGER, HE NIMBLY LEAPS OUT OF THE PATH OF A CRUSHING BLOW

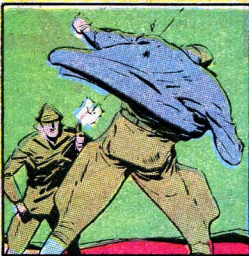
TURNING TO GRAPPLE WITH HIS ATTACKER, HE DRIVES HOME A PARALYZING RIGHT HOOK ---

--BUT HIS ASSAILANT QUICKLY DRAWS A GUN AND FIRES ---

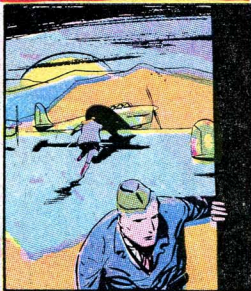




AS THE NAZI FLIGHT COMMANDER WREAKS HIS VENGEANCE, CAPTAIN AERO SPRINGS ASIDE, BUT HE FEELS THE HOT STING OF THE BULLET AS IT GRAZES HIS SIDE

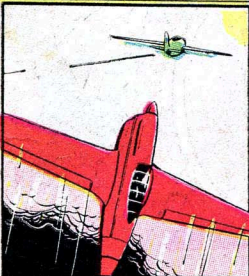


BEFORE HE CAN REGAIN HIS FEET, THE NAZI DASHES TO A SMALL BOMBER



HE'S GETTING AWAY! I CAN'T LET HIM DO THAT!

QUICKLY COMMANDEERING A SMALL FIGHTING PLANE, THE BLEEDING AERO STREAKS OFF IN PURSUIT OF THE FLEEING NAZI



I WONDER WHAT THAT FOOL INTENDS TO DO! THAT PLANE IS LOADED WITH BOMBS!



SUDDENLY, THE NAZI'S VOICE YELLS THROUGH CAPT. AERO'S RADIO SPEAKER

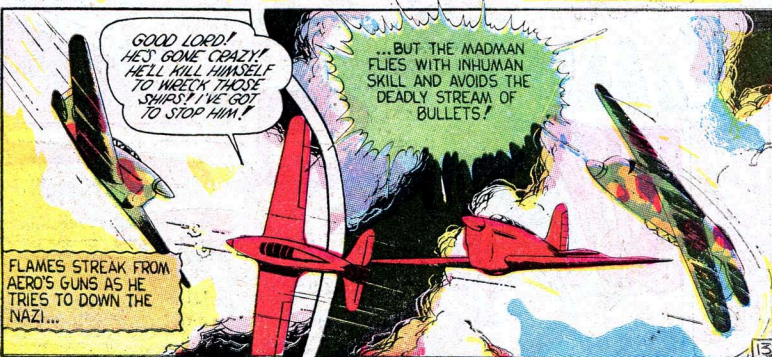
LISTEN, CAPTAIN AERO, THOSE BOMBERS MUST BE DESTROYED AT ANY COST! YOU TRICKED ME BEFORE, BUT NOW I'M GOING TO DIVE THIS PLANE INTO THE HANGAR!



GOOD LORD! HE'S GONE CRAZY! HE'LL KILL HIMSELF TO WRECK THOSE SHIPS! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

...BUT THE MADMAN FLIES WITH INHUMAN SKILL AND AVOIDS THE DEADLY STREAM OF BULLETS!

FLAMES STREAK FROM AERO'S GUNS AS HE TRIES TO DOWN THE NAZI...





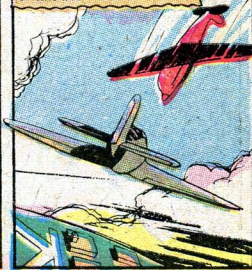
CLIMBING STEEPLY FOR ALTITUDE, HE BANKS SHARPLY AND DIVES STRAIGHT FOR THE HANGARS---



THERE HE GOES! HE'LL BLOW THOSE BOMBERS TO BITS!-- THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP HIM AND HERE GOES!



LOOPING SUDDENLY, CAPT. AERO OPENS HIS THROTTLE WIDE AND DIVES DIRECTLY INTO THE PATH OF THE SPEEDING PLANE



---BUT AFTER SETTING HIS CONTROLS, CAPTAIN AERO HAS LEAPED CLEAR OF HIS DOOMED SHIP---



--AND PARACHUTES SAFELY TO EARTH



BEFORE THE NAZI CAN MOVE HIS CONTROLS, THE PLANES COLLIDE WITH A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION---



THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE SLEEK AMPHIBIAN FADES INTO THE DEEP GLOW OF THE SUNSET--CAPTAIN AERO WINGS HOMEWARD TOWARD AMERICA AND ANOTHER SHIPMENT OF BOMBERS FOR BRITAIN!

TOO BAD, NAZI, THAT'S A HORRIBLE WAY TO DIE, BUT I HAD TO PROTECT THOSE PLANES EVEN IF IT HAD COST ME MY LIFE!

QUICKLY REMOVING HIS CHUTE HARNESS, HE WALKS SLOWLY TOWARD THE FLAMING PLANES



**DON'T BE A DODO!**

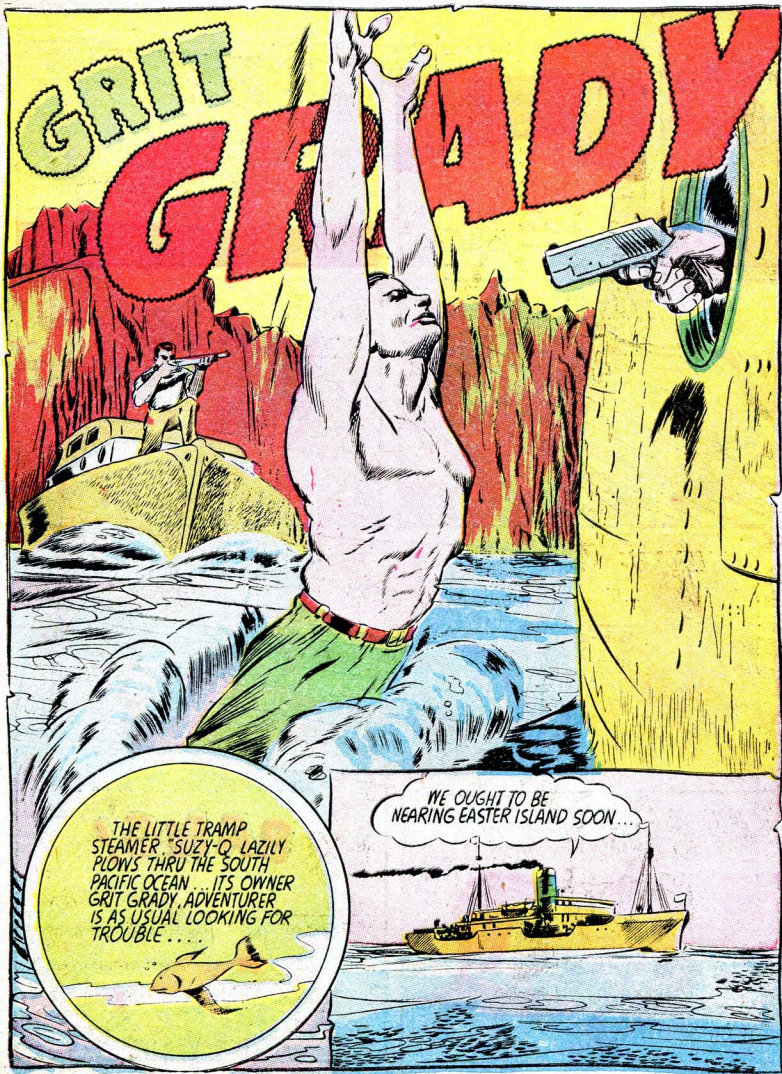
GET YOUR WINGS! JOIN-UP! with

**Captain AERO'S 'SKY-SCOUTS'**

MORE INFORMATION ON BACK OF FRONT COVER!





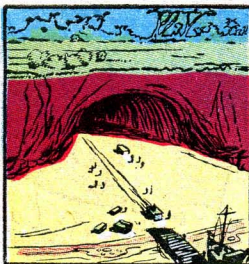


THE LITTLE TRAMP  
STEAMER, "SUZY-Q" LAZILY  
PLOWS THRU THE SOUTH  
PACIFIC OCEAN ... ITS OWNER  
GRIT GRADY, ADVENTURER  
IS AS USUAL LOOKING FOR  
TROUBLE....

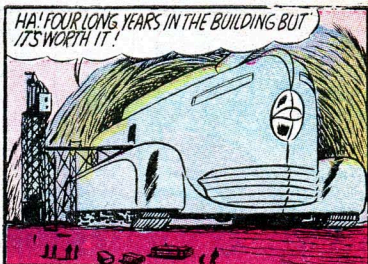
WE OUGHT TO BE  
NEARING EASTER ISLAND SOON...



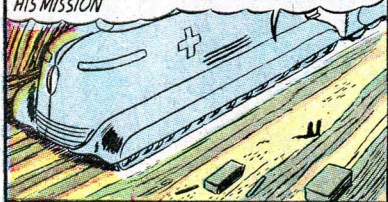
MEANWHILE  
FEVERISH ACT-  
IVITY IS  
TAKING PLACE  
IN A HUGE  
UNDER GROUND  
CAVE ON  
EASTER ISLAND



HA! FOUR LONG YEARS IN THE BUILDING BUT  
IT'S WORTH IT!



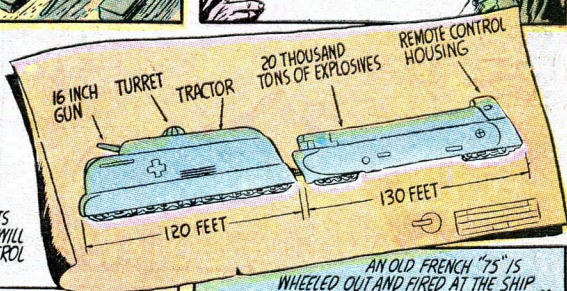
THIS STUPID ONE STILL PROFFESSES IGNORANCE ON HOW THE  
HONORABLE HERR CAPTAIN PROPOSES TO PERFORM  
HIS MISSION



ITS VERY SIMPLE MAJOR KATO, HERE, LETS LOOK AT  
THIS DRAWING AGAIN ...



...OUR PURPOSE IS  
TO BLOW UP THE  
PANAMA CANAL ...IT  
WILL BE DONE BY  
THIS UNDERSEA TRACTOR  
WHICH WILL PULL A  
FLAT CAR LOADED WITH  
MUNITIONS TO THE VERY  
CENTER OF THE CANAL.  
AFTER THE TRACTOR EFFECTS  
ITS ESCAPE, THE EXPLOSIVES WILL  
BE SET OFF BY REMOTE CONTROL



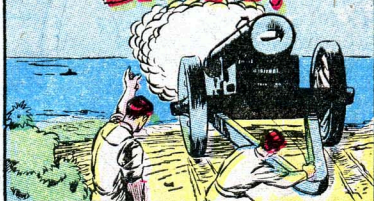
CAPTAIN HOOD! A  
STRANGE SHIP  
APPROACHES!

WHAT? BLAST IT! GET OUT  
THE OLD "75"....I'LL FIX  
THAT SNOOPER!!!



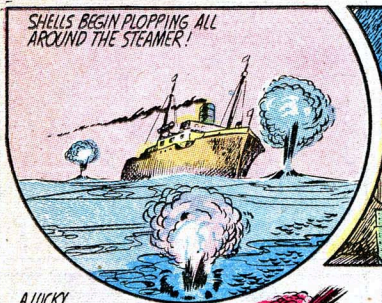
AN OLD FRENCH "75" IS  
WHEELED OUT AND FIRED AT THE SHIP ..

**BANG!**

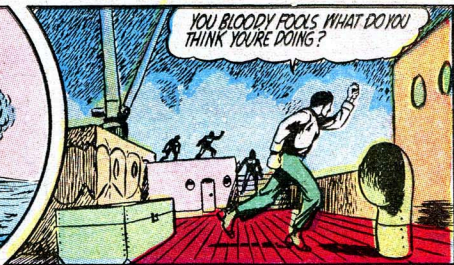




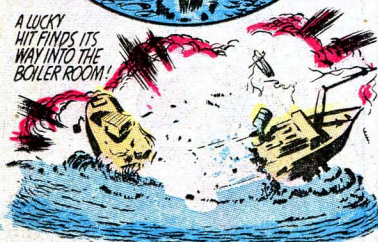
SHELLS BEGIN PLOPPING ALL AROUND THE STEAMER!



YOU BLOODY FOOLS WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?



A LUCKY HIT FINDS ITS WAY INTO THE BOILER ROOM!



GRIT THROWN CLEAR CLINGS TO A SPAR...

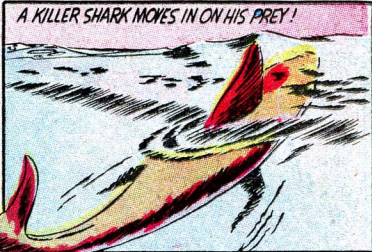
SO HELP ME I'LL GET THOSE BUZZARDS FOR THIS!



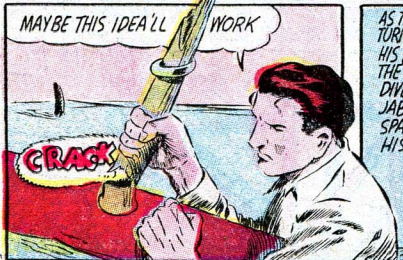
MMM... LOOKS LIKE CURTAINS FOR ME... THAT'S NO SARDINE HEADING THIS WAY...



A KILLER SHARK MOVES IN ON HIS PREY!



MAYBE THIS IDEA'LL WORK

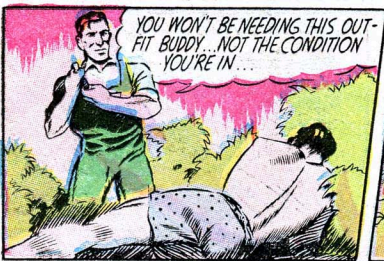
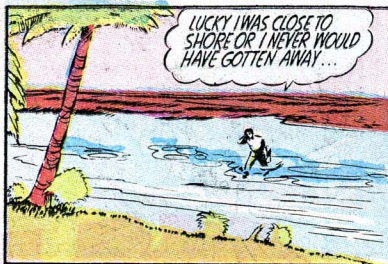


AS THE SHARK TURNS OVER ON HIS BACK FOR THE KILL GRIT DIVES AND JABS THE SPAR INTO HIS EYE!

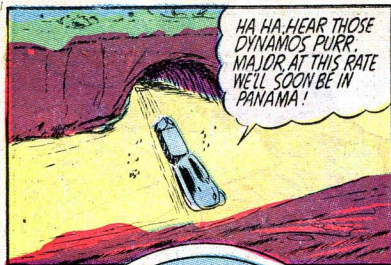


IT'S EITHER YOU OR ME

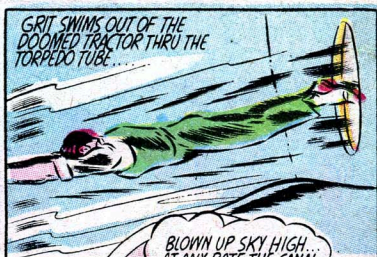
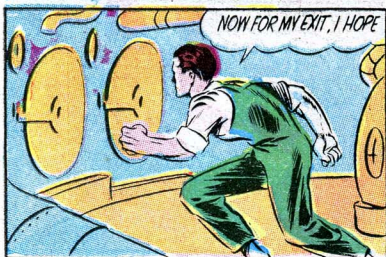
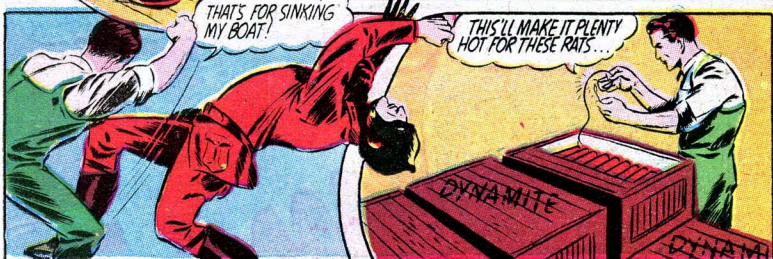
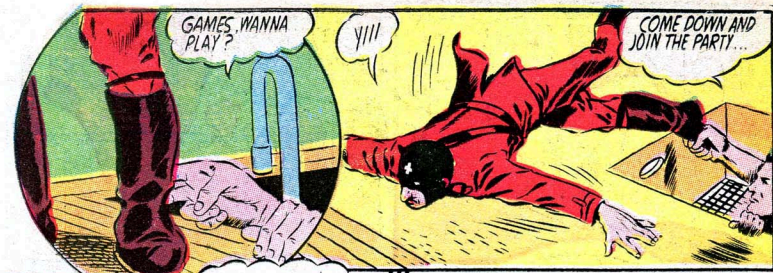




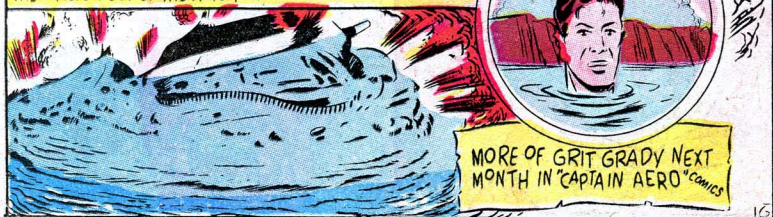








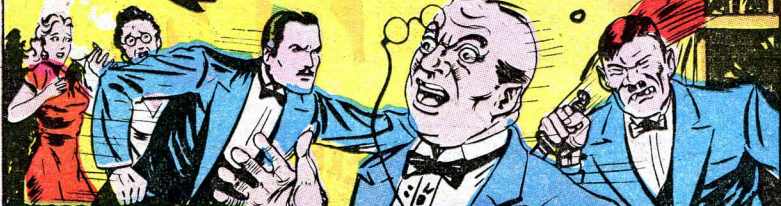
WHILE THE TREMENDOUS FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION HURLS THE TRACTOR OUT OF THE WATER !!!





# GORDON 'IRON' GATES

## SOCIETY SLEUTH



AN ARDENT AND WEALTHY STUDENT OF SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION, GORDON GATES --- CALLED BY HIS FRIENDS 'IRON' GATES --- ALTHOUGH UNINVITED, ESCORTS TRIXIE PARKER, A DEBUTANTE, TO A PARTY GIVEN BY THE TOWN'S PLAYBOY, JERRY FELLOWS ---

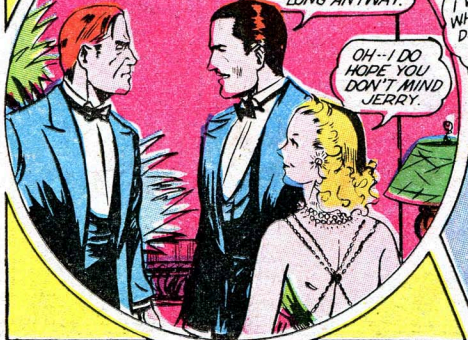
SAY, GATES, WHO INVITED YOU?

WELL, SINCE YOU INVITED TRIXIE, I THOUGHT I'D COME ALONG. I'M NOT STAYING LONG ANYWAY.

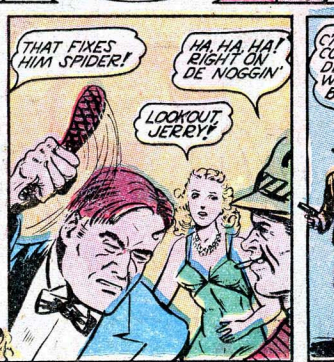
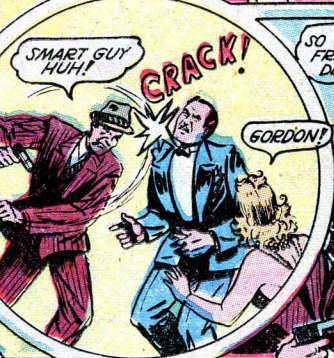
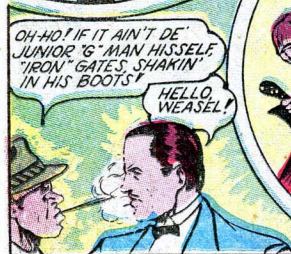
OH--I DO HOPE YOU DON'T MIND JERRY.

I WONDER WHY JERRY DISLIKES YOU SO MUCH, GORDON

PRETTY OBVIOUS. HE'S CRAZY ABOUT YOU. GOSH, THERE'S A LOT OF DOUGH REPRESENTED AROUND HERE!









AN ELDERLY GUEST  
RUSHES FORWARD!

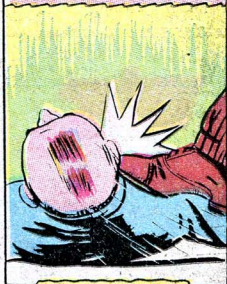


MR. FERRIS!

BANG!



THE WOUNDED MAN IS  
BRUTALLY KICKED!

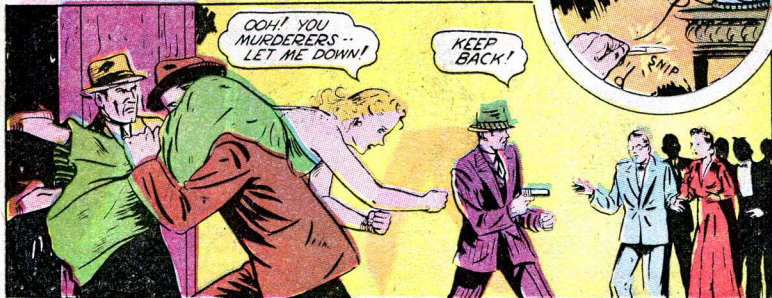


THE TELEPHONE  
WIRES  
ARE CUT!



OOH! YOU  
MURDERERS--  
LET ME DOWN!

KEEP  
BACK!



LEAPING INTO A WAITING  
SEDAN, THE THUGS SPEED  
AWAY---



YES...THEY SHOT BILL  
FERRIS AND KIDNAPPED  
TRIXIE--YOU PROVED  
YOURSELF TO BE  
A BRAVE MAN, JERRY!

DID--DID  
THEY GET  
AWAY?



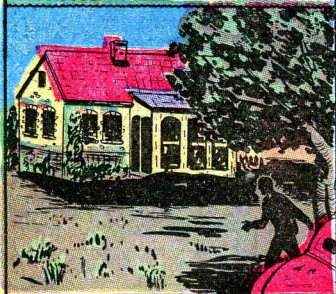
I'LL GET THOSE  
RATS FOR THIS IF  
IT'S THE LAST  
THING I DO, AND  
IF THEY HARM  
TRIXIE--

C'MON HEAD  
CLEAR UP!





THAT NIGHT, A SHADOWY FIGURE  
SILENTLY APPROACHES A SMALL  
HOUSE ---



WHILE INSIDE :-

YA' KNOW, I'M  
GETTIN' TO  
LIKE YOU,  
KID

NO, NO, NO!  
LEAVE ME  
ALONE!

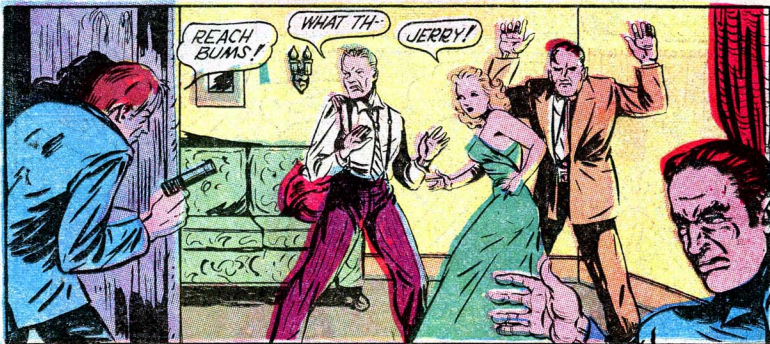
HA, HA!  
GREAT  
STUFF  
SPIDER



REACH  
BUMS!

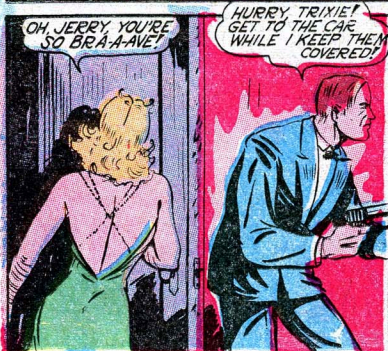
WHAT TH-

JERRY!



OH, JERRY, YOU'RE  
SO BRA-A-VET!

HURRY, TRIXIE!  
GET TO THE CAR,  
WHILE I KEEP THEM  
COVERED!

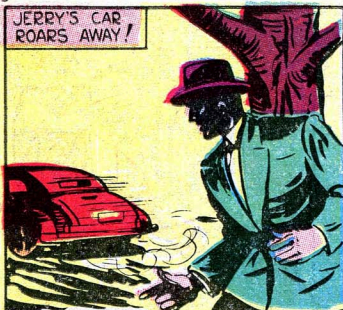


JERRY,  
HURRY!





JERRY'S CAR  
ROARS AWAY!



LISTEN, TRIXIE,  
INVITE JERRY TO  
YOUR PLACE TOMORROW  
NIGHT AND KEEP HIM  
HERE UNTIL I PHONE.

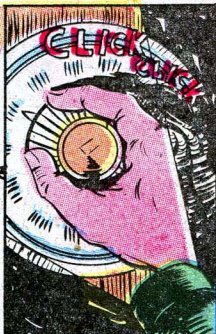
JUST AS  
YOU SAY  
GORDON.

THE FOLLOWING  
NIGHT IN  
JERRY'S HOUSE.



OH, GORDON!  
JERRY JUST RESCUED  
ME. ISN'T HE  
WONDERFUL?

YEAH, GREAT... STAY  
UP, TRIXIE. I'LL BE  
RIGHT  
OVER.



MEANWHILE...

THIS IS A FINE  
WAY TO TREAT  
A GUY AFTER WHAT  
HE'S DONE FOR YOU!

JERRY'S IN THE OTHER  
ROOM, GORDON. OH, BUT  
THAT JUST COULDN'T BE,  
POSSIBLE!...UH HUH...  
WELL, GOODBYE, GORDON!



AH! JUST  
WHAT I'M  
LOOKING FOR!

OH, PLEASE  
JERRY! I  
HAVE TO ANSWER  
THE PHONE---  
PUL-LEASE!

RING!







THE DEROGATORY REMARK  
INFURIATES JERRY AND HE  
RUSHES AT GATES---BUT



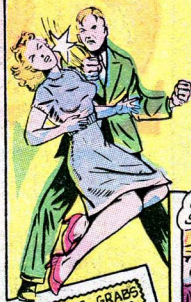
THE GUNMEN RELUCTANTLY  
OBEY--THE GUNS CLATTER  
TO THE FLOOR



I HEAR THE STATE WANTS YOU  
FOR MURDER, SPIDER. HERE'S  
A PREVIEW OF THE HOT SEAT!



NOW YOU'RE  
COMING ALONG  
TO SEE YOUR  
BOYFRIEND DIE



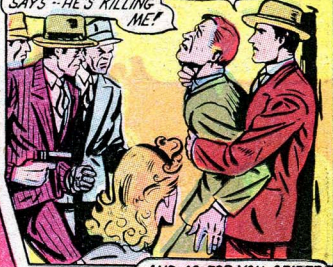
DROP THE  
GUN, LUG.  
OR WE'LL LET  
THE GIRL HAVE  
IT!

GORDON!

OH, SO IT'S  
JERRY THE  
HERO,  
MY, MY!

NOW YOU MUGS, DROP  
THOSE GUNS OR I'LL  
SQUEEZE HIM UNTIL HIS  
BRAIN OZZES--C'MON  
DROP 'EM!

UGH! DO AS HE  
SAYS--HE'S KILLING  
ME!



AND AS FOR YOU, SPIDER,  
LET'S HAVE THE  
LOWDOWN!



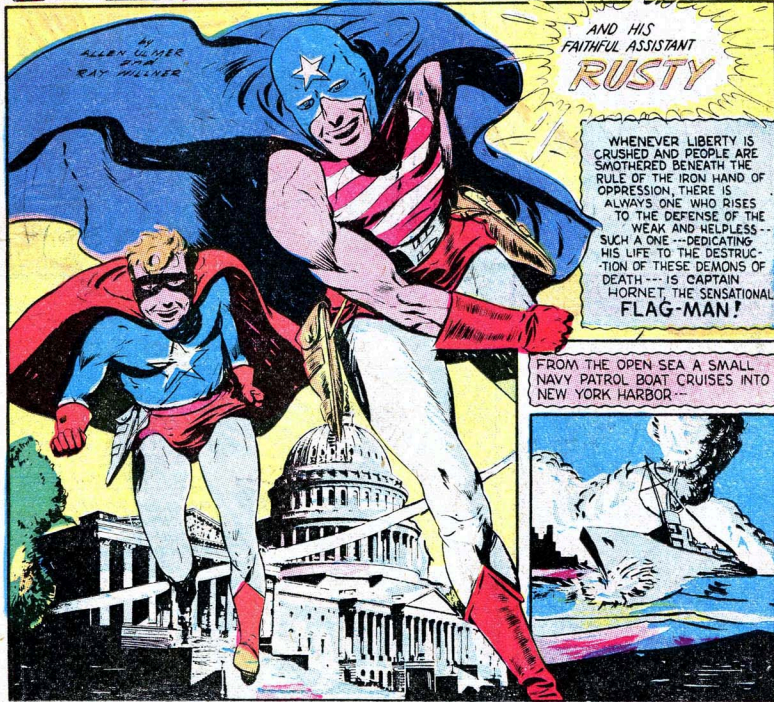
I KNEW THAT JERRY'S TYPE  
ARE FAR FROM BEING BRAVE  
OR NOBLE, SO I  
INVESTIGATED.  
--FINDING THE  
LOOT IN HIS  
SAFE PROVED  
HIM TO BE  
THE RAT  
HE IS!

VERY SIMPLE. HE  
INVITED THE RICHEST  
FOLKS IN TOWN, SO THAT  
HIS BOYS COULD MAKE A  
GOOD HAUL. HE STAGED  
HIS HEROICS TO THROW  
OFF SUSPICION AND GET  
HIMSELF IN GOOD WITH  
YOU!

ANOTHER EXCITING  
MYSTERY...  
IRON GATES  
The Society Slauth  
in- CAPT. AERO



INTRODUCING *The* SENSATIONAL  
*THE* PATRIOTIC CHARACTER  
FLAG-MAN



BY  
ALLEN ULMER  
AND  
RAY MILLER

AND HIS  
FAITHFUL ASSISTANT  
**RUSTY**

WHENEVER LIBERTY IS  
CRUSHED AND PEOPLE ARE  
SMOTHERED BENEATH THE  
RULE OF THE IRON HAND OF  
OPPRESSION, THERE IS  
ALWAYS ONE WHO RISES  
TO THE DEFENSE OF THE  
WEAK AND HELPLESS --  
SUCH A ONE -- DEDICATING  
HIS LIFE TO THE DESTRUCTION  
OF THESE DEMONS OF  
DEATH -- IS CAPTAIN  
HORNET, THE SENSATIONAL  
**FLAG-MAN!**

FROM THE OPEN SEA A SMALL  
NAVY PATROL BOAT CRUISES INTO  
NEW YORK HARBOR --

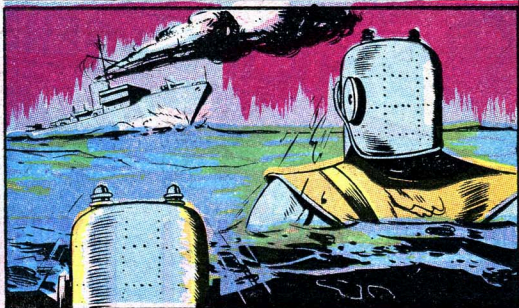




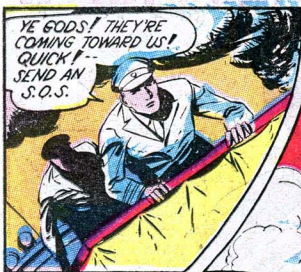
ABOARD THE PATROL BOAT, ONE OF THE OFFICERS SUDDENLY SHOUTS IN AMAZEMENT--

DIRECTLY AHEAD OF THEM, TWO IMMENSE ROBOTS RISE FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE BAY---

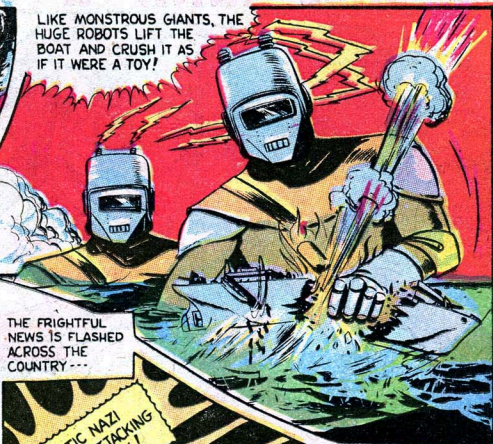
GOOD LORD! LOOK!  
WHA --- WHAT  
IS THAT?!!



YE GODS! THEY'RE  
COMING TOWARD US!  
QUICK! --  
SEND AN  
S.O.S.



LIKE MONSTROUS GIANTS, THE  
HUGE ROBOTS LIFT THE  
BOAT AND CRUSH IT AS  
IF IT WERE A TOY!



THEN SLOWLY THEY TURN AND  
LUMBERINGLY WALK TOWARDS  
THE CITY!---



THE FRIGHTFUL  
NEWS IS FLASHED  
ACROSS THE  
COUNTRY---



...IN WASHINGTON, THE  
PRESIDENT ORDERS THE  
ARMY AND NAVY INTO ACTION

...AND AS MY SPECIAL INVESTI-  
GATOR, CAPTAIN HORNET, I  
WANT YOU TO GO  
TO NEW YORK. PHONE  
ME AS SOON  
AS POSSIBLE



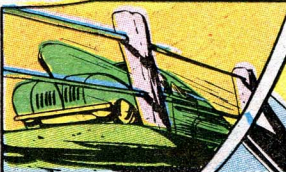


RECEIVING HIS ORDERS CAPT. HORNET  
HURRIES FROM THE WHITE HOUSE.  
ACCOMPANIED BY HIS YOUNG ASSISTANT  
RUSTY--



IT HAS FINALLY HAPPENED,  
RUSTY--AMERICA IS  
BEING INVADED--THE  
FLAG-MAN BETTER  
GET TO WORK!

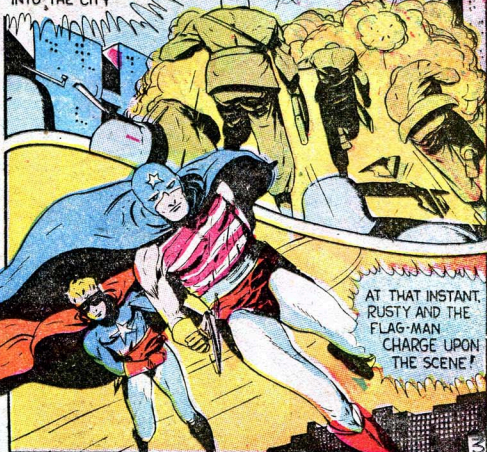
A FEW  
MINUTES  
LATER, THE  
SUPER-CAR ROARS  
OVER THE HIGHWAYS



SUDDENLY, THE MAMMOTH ROBOTS  
STOP AND FROM AN OPENING IN THEIR  
BOOTS, NAZI SOLDIERS LEAP TO THE  
GROUND --!

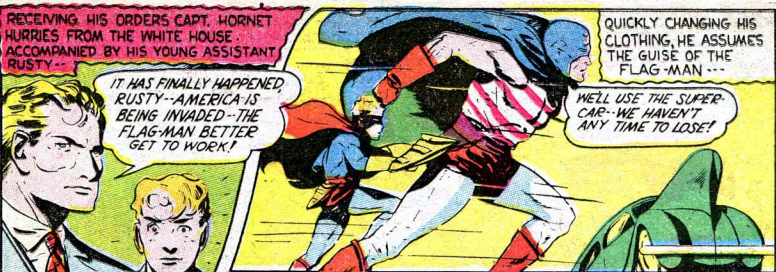


ABANDONING THEIR GIANT  
CREATIONS, THE NAZI  
SOLDIERS PUSH ON  
INTO THE CITY



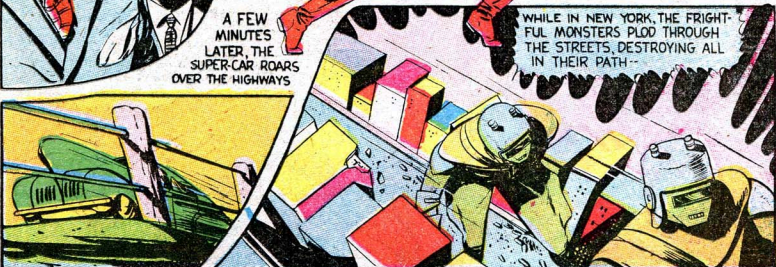
AT THAT INSTANT,  
RUSTY AND THE  
FLAG-MAN  
CHARGE UPON  
THE SCENE!

QUICKLY CHANGING HIS  
CLOTHING, HE ASSUMES  
THE GUISE OF THE  
FLAG-MAN ---



WE'LL USE THE SUPER-  
CAR--WE HAVEN'T  
ANY TIME TO LOSE!

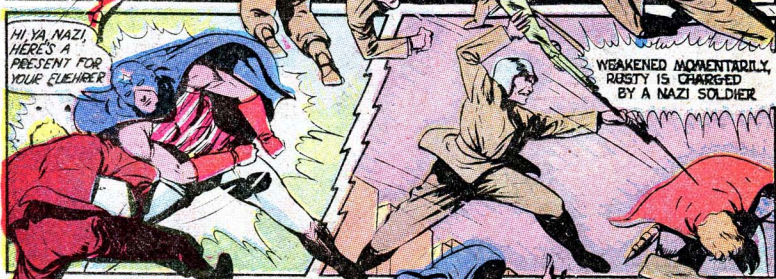
WHILE IN NEW YORK, THE FRIGHT-  
FUL MONSTERS PLOD THROUGH  
THE STREETS, DESTROYING ALL  
IN THEIR PATH--







INTO THEM, RUSTY!  
IT'S TIME THESE  
RATS WERE STOPPED!



HI, YA NAZI,  
HERE'S A  
PRESENT FOR  
YOUR ELENHER

WEAKENED MOMENTARILY,  
RUSTY IS CHARGED  
BY A NAZI SOLDIER



RUSTY! RUSTY!  
LOOK OUT!

UGGGG!

SHOOTING PEOPLE  
IN THE BACK SEEMS  
TO BE YOUR STYLE!  
WELL, HERE'S SOME OF  
YOUR OWN MEDICINE!

OooooFFF!

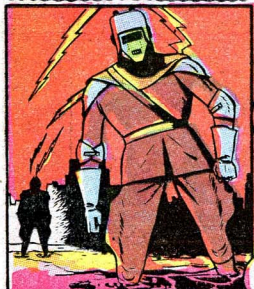


WHEW!... THANKS  
PAL! -- GIVE  
HIM THE WORKS!

QUICK, MEN!  
BACK TO DER  
ROBOTS! DESE  
ZWEI YANK-  
EES ARE  
VORSE DEN  
CYCLONES!



QUICKLY CLIMBING BACK INTO THE ROBOT, THE NAZIS HEAD THE METAL MONSTER INTO THE SEA...



DESPERATELY SEARCHING AMONG THE WOUNDED NAZIS, THE FLAG-MAN IS UNABLE TO LOCATE HIS YOUNG FRIEND



HOLY SNAKES! RUSTY'S NOT HERE. HE MUST BE IN THAT ROBOT WITH THOSE NAZIS!

QUICK! DER CONTROL-- SEE VOT HAS HAPPENED!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE METAL SOLDIER---

HA! DOSE AMERICANS THINK DEY ARE SMART--IF DEY ONLY KNEW THE PLANS VE HAF TO DESTROY DEM!--SEND VORD TO GERMANY DOT VE HAF BEEN SUCCESSFUL UND TELL DER FUEHRER DOT AMERICA CAN BE TAKEN!! VE MUST--!



VOT DER-- VE HAF HIT SOMETINK!



QUICK! DER CONTROL-- SEE VOT HAS HAPPENED!



HIMMELS! IT IS DOT YOUNG YANKEE! SEIZE HIM!



WOOPS, I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU MUGS SO SOON!

THE ANGERED NAZIS FURIOUSLY LEAP AT THE YOUNG STOWAWAY---



---BUT RUSTY DEXTEROUSLY WRIGGLES FROM BENEATH THE AVALANCHE OF BODIES---



HA, HA, YOU BOYS DON'T MIND IF I GIVE YOU THE SLIP!

HERE'S A SAMPLE OF A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED SPANKING!

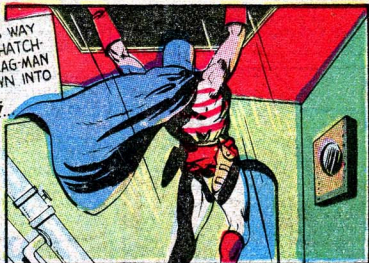




OUT OF CONTROL. THE METAL ROBOT SHOOTS TO THE SURFACE... AND CLINGING TO ITS HEAD, IN SEARCH OF RUSTY, IS THE FLAG-MAN.



FORCING HIS WAY THROUGH A HATCHWAY, THE FLAG-MAN DROPS DOWN INTO THE STEEL MONSTER..



SUDDENLY, THE FLAG-MAN DASHES INTO THE ROOM, SHOUTING HIS BATTLE-CRY

...AND IN ANOTHER PART OF THE GIGANTIC ROBOT, RUSTY HOLDS OFF THE NAZIS WITH A STEEL PIPE...

CLUNKY



WAAAA-HOOO!!  
SAVE A FEW FOR ME, RUSTY!



FLAG-MAN!  
BOY, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!



HA! THIS WILL HOLD THESE MUGS!  
C'MON RUSTY, WE'LL NOTIFY THE NAVY TO PICK THEM UP!



THE TWO PATRIOTIC CRIME FIGHTERS DASH ACROSS THE ROOM, BUT SUDDENLY THE FLOOR GIVES WAY AND THEY PLUNGE BELOW.....

HEY!!

WHAT TH--!!





...INTO  
A HUGE  
STEEL  
CELL IN  
A ROOM  
BELOW...

NOW, WHAT'LL  
WE DO, RAT?  
IT LOOKS LIKE  
THEY'VE BAGGED  
US!

I DON'T KNOW  
RUSTY, BUT THESE  
BARS-- OH, OH,  
HERE COMES  
CAPT. RAT!

IGNORE HIM, RUSTY,  
WE'RE NOT ON  
SPEAKING TERMS!

HA! SO DER YANKEES  
ARE AT LAST TRAPPED!  
WELL, NOW DOT YOU ARE  
OUT OF DER VAY, I SHALL  
TELL YOU MY PLANS!

IN A FEW MINUTES, HALF OF DER  
AMERICAN NAVY VILL COME STEERING  
INTO DIS HARBOR AFTER US. HA!  
BUT DEY VILL BE BLOWN SKY HIGH  
BY A NET OF MINES, STRETCHED BY US  
ACROSS DA MOUTH OF DER BAY.  
QUITE CLEVER, EH FLAG-MAN?  
JUST THINK, HALF  
OF YOUR NAVY  
BLOWN  
TO BITS!

WOW!

THUD!

UGH!

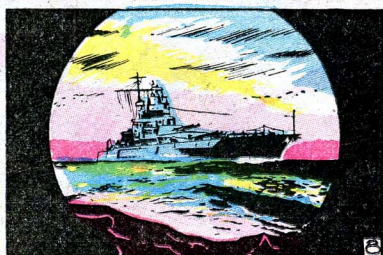
OH, YEAH!  
THAT'S WHAT  
YOU THINK!

WITH SUPER  
HUMAN  
STRENGTH,  
THE  
FLAG-MAN  
FORCES THE  
STEEL BARS  
APART!

OH, OH, RUSTY,  
HERE COMES  
THE REST OF  
THE OUTFIT--  
LET'S SHOW 'EM  
A REAL FIGHT!

CLUNK



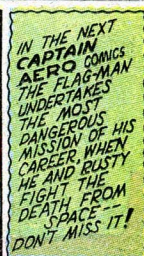
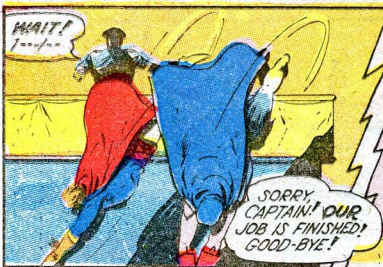
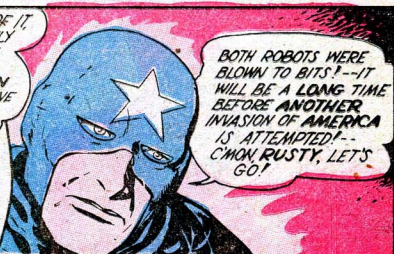
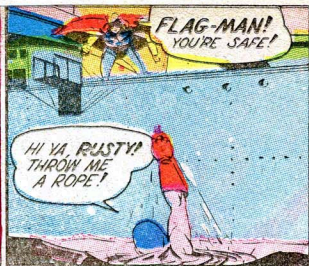








SUDDENLY,  
RUSTY IS  
STARTLED  
BY A  
FAMILIAR  
VOICE--





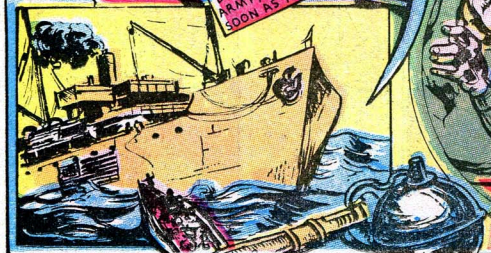
# CAPTAIN HALYARD

DETECTIVE  
OF THE SEA,  
CAPTAIN HALYARD  
IS SELECTED BY F.B.I.  
TO BLOCK HIJACKING  
OF MUNITION CARGOES  
BEING SHIPPED  
TO CHINA

WALLOWING OFF SHORE IN  
FRISCO BAY, A HUGE FREIGHTER  
CARRYING A CARGO OF MUNITIONS  
DESTINED FOR THE CHINESE  
ARMY IS ALL SET TO SAIL AS  
SOON AS HER CREW RETURNS

OUTA MY  
WAY, BUMS!  
LET A REAL  
SAILOR BY!

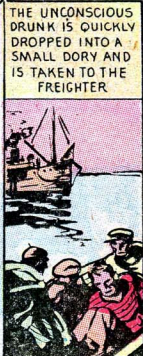
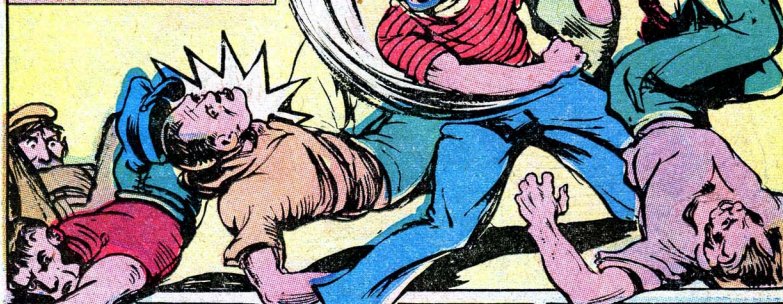
A DRUNK AND BELLIGERENT SAILOR  
JOSTLES SEVERAL MEMBERS OF  
THE FREIGHTER'S CREW....



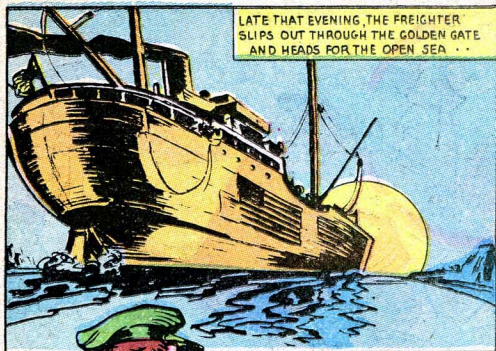




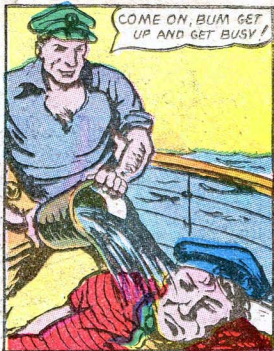
AS THE DRUNKEN SAILOR SWINGS AT THE GROUP, ONE OF THEM SNEAKS UP BEHIND HIM AND . . .







LATE THAT EVENING, THE FREIGHTER  
SLIPS OUT THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE  
AND HEADS FOR THE OPEN SEA . .



COME ON, BUM GET  
UP AND GET BUSY!



WHAT THE --  
OH -- O.K., O.K.



EIGHT DAYS LATER, OFF THE COAST OF  
HAWAII

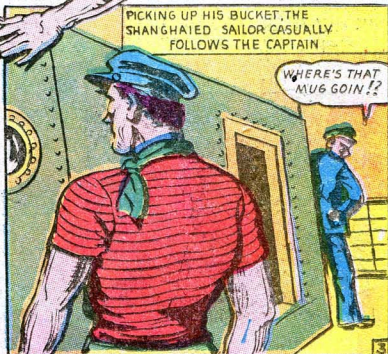
HE'S A TOUGH  
BABY BUT A DARN  
GOOD SAILOR



STROLLING AFT, THE CAPTAIN  
STOPS AT THE RADIO ROOM.

ALL RIGHT, SPARKS, MAKE  
CONTACT. AND HAVE THEM  
COME LONGSIDE AT EIGHT  
BELLS ON THE DOG WATCH.

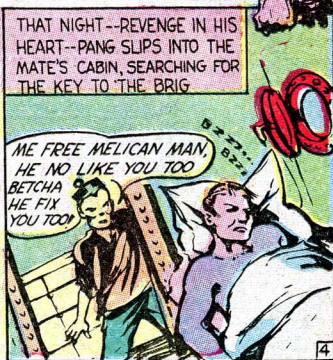
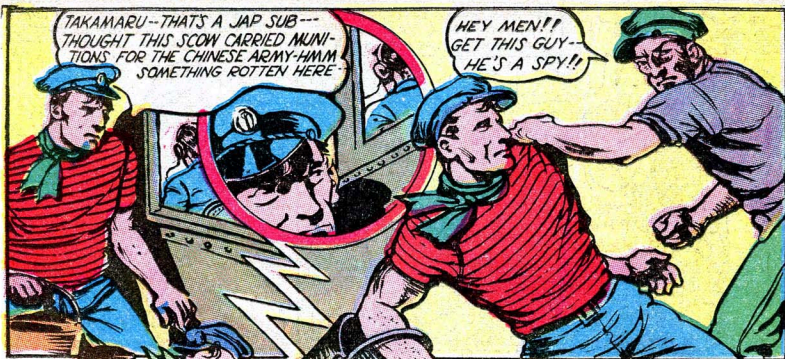
4 A.M.  
AYE, SIR



PICKING UP HIS BUCKET, THE  
SHANGHAIED SAILOR CASUALLY  
FOLLOWS THE CAPTAIN

WHERE'S THAT  
MUG GOIN'!?







HOLY GEE--HERE IS A GUN--OHT BOY!--I CAN USE THAT TOO--NOW TO FIND THAT KEY!



BETTER HURRY BEFORE BAD MATE WAKES



GOSH! THANKS PANG--YOU'RE A GOOD BOY!

ME ALSAME GET YOU OUT OF THIS QUEEK!



WELL, A GUY--THIS IS WORTH IT'S WEIGHT IN GOLD--WE'RE GOING PLACES--FIRST TO THE RADIO ROOM--



CAUTIOUSLY, THE SHANGHAIED SAILOR AND PANG MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE RADIO ROOM



UP WITH 'EM HIGH FREQUENCY--I'M SENDING A LITTLE PERSONAL MESSAGE--MOVE!





AS THE SHANGHAIED SAILOR TAPS OUT A MESSAGE--

--A JAPANESE SUBMARINE COMES TO THE SURFACE AND SWIFTLY PULLS UP ALONGSIDE THE FREIGHTER



HELLO, SKIPPER, WE ARE READY TO PICK UP YOUR CARGO.

SHE'S ALL READY AND WAITING!



BY THE WAY, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE CODE MESSAGE YOU JUST SENT OUT?



CODE MESSAGE!? I DIDN'T SEND OUT ANY CODE MESSAGE! SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG IN THE RADIO ROOM--- COME ON!

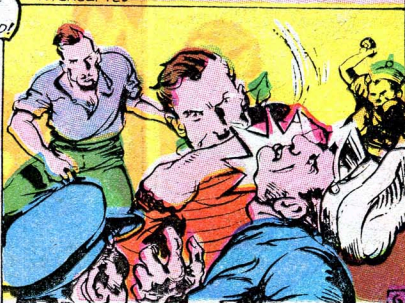


HELLO, CAPTAIN--S.D.S. MUNITION FREIGHTER--LAT. 28°--LONG. 165°--SIR--SIGNED--CAPTAIN HALYARD--

IT'S CAPT. HALYARD. HE'S THAT MARITIME INVESTIGATOR--FULL SPEED AHEAD!



IN THE RADIO ROOM, CAPTAIN HALYARD BATTLES FURIOUSLY, HOPING HIS MESSAGE HAS BEEN INTERCEPTED---





THE AMERICAN DESTROYER CLEAVES THROUGH THE WATER---UNDER FORCED DRAFT--AND SOON SIGHTS THE FREIGHTER



AMERICAN DESTROYER OFF STAR-BOARD BOW!



THE JAPANESE COMMANDER EXCITEDLY ORDERS HIS MEN TO TAKE TO THE SUB---



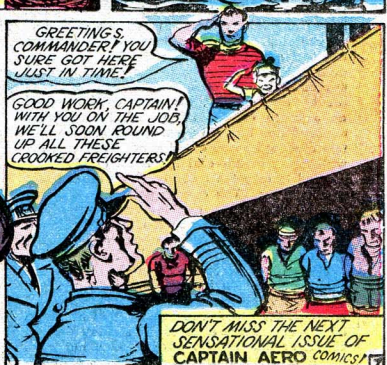
---- THE SUBMARINE SUBMERGES JUST AS THE DESTROYER PULLS INTO VIEW!

SAILORS FROM THE DESTROYER SWIFTLY BOARD THE FREIGHTER AND QUICKLY GET EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL



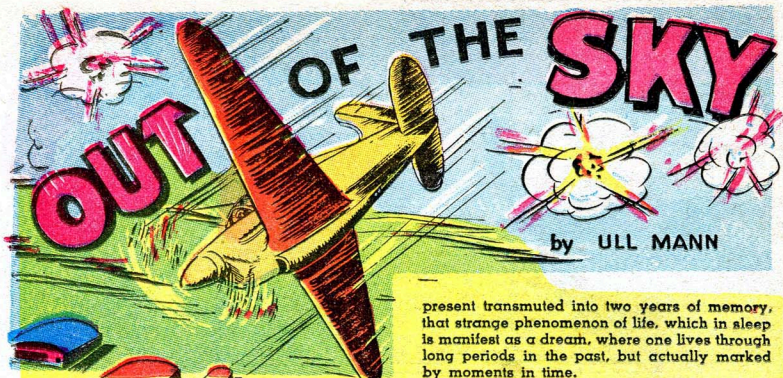
GREETINGS, COMMANDER! YOU SURE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!

GOOD WORK, CAPTAIN! WITH YOU ON THE JOB, WE'LL SOON ROUND UP ALL THESE CROOKED FREIGHTERS!



DON'T MISS THE NEXT SENSATIONAL ISSUE OF CAPTAIN AERO COMICS!





They came out of the sky in a wicked dive with guns blazing, all six of them, a British plane the target.

"Let 'em come. We'll show them something in flying. We can outclimb them and take them on the turn, one by one."

"Why not turn back, outfly them, and avoid all risks?"

"Hell! There are a thousand things we can do, but turn back is not one of them. We are going to do our duty—engage them, fight her through to destination or destruction."

The words and the tone of their delivery reflected his history, the product of things lived and suffered, and Captain Aero had suffered; suffered in his soul, suffered the blight of misunderstanding: the charge of being a spineless flyer when confronted with the threat of emergency, where is needed that matchless thing: smooth flowing instinct and the cast iron fibre of nerves merged to the work.

"Dump those bombs! We'll show 'em flying; let 'em see what they put into these British boats, and how a Yank makes use of them."

Six Heinkels against a lone flyer is a nerve test under any condition of battle. This mad dive with Captain Aero in the center seemed to promise but one end. With the swift maneuvers he was making, his arms were stiffened as a brace against the wheel, he suddenly released one hand to warn the gunner by gesture of what he was about to do, pointing to his wide open mouth and the bend of his body, relaxed to take the spine crushing impact that would follow. The gunner pointed to a bullet hole in the window and the radiating cracks. Captain Aero pointed to the cloud bank not more than a minute or two ahead and the next moment hauled the wheel to his body.

The gunner seemed snatched back by his safety belt, whilst he caught the down thrust with his arms on the controls. Everything went black as the blood was sucked from his brain by the centrifugal force of the sudden vertical climb, at full throttle, and he was out cold, living again the hedge-hopping days of the Northwoods. Five seconds of the unconscious

present transmuted into two years of memory, that strange phenomenon of life, which in sleep is manifest as a dream, where one lives through long periods in the past, but actually marked by moments in time.

Captain Aero, dead to the present, was physically climbing the skies over Germany, but mentally transported thousands of mile distant, back again into the torment of a failing motor and his first crack-up in the barren wastes of the Arctic. Minor damage, but wounded pride, a forced landing executed with the skill of a veteran, and two days single-handed patch up, before he was back in the air.

Pride made such stabs at his record abhorrent to him, nor did he relish the comment of the management, answering his suggestion that the dangers of the territory merited better planes—proven, when six months later he lost a wing, lost his job, but managed to pancake his plane to a landing, coming out of a dense fog at Nome. Alaska Transport had to justify its action, so they labeled him nerve-shot. His future in the game literally flung out the window with this friendly notice to the world, as he found when applying for a pilot's job with other companies. Thumbs down everywhere.

In the very nature of things, character sustains itself. Captain Aero's skill and capacity were better understood in the bleak waste of the North. In this country, where life is a succession of nerve tests and men are men, he was classed as high calibre, and the news of the action taken by Alaska Transport in discharging him with the label of shot nerves was deeply resented. This resentment soon took form in a clamor for a competitive line with Captain Aero at the wheel.

One must have lived in these far away spots with its touch of the primitive—somewhat detached from the mad drive of civilization—to understand this resentment. Here a man is recognized for his contribution to the life of the community, rather than for what he extracts from it. And Captain Aero had rendered great service in all manner of weather. Out of this spirit was born Alaska Airways, Inc., by community subscription.

North of the sixties from Whitehorse, Dawson, Fairbanks, and Nome there was an instinctive understanding of what Captain Aero must have suffered in the injustice done him by Alaska



Transport, for only they could measure the nerve test offered the airways in every mile of its black stretches. The maintenance of scheduled flights in this country demands nerve, knowledge, skill, (both flying and mechanical), and a resourcefulness possessed by few pilots. Never in two years had he failed to bring his ship through, and Alaska now rushed to serve him in his hour of need.

Alaskan Airways, Inc., Alaskan-owned, took the major part of the business in its territory. Flying the latest model Douglas Commercial Transport, Captain Aero was doing a good job and the old bitterness of wounded pride was lost in the growing responsibilities of his new job. His first season was marked by unusual weather. Nature seemed to have sensed his mood—a deep yearning to fling the answer to his old boss—for she fairly gathered up her forces and poured upon Alaska her might and fury in snowfall and storm. "Old Timers" opined they had never seen worse.

Three hours out of Dawson, late in the Fall, Captain Aero picked up a signal—at first unintelligible, but which later he identified as an emergency call from Jim Scott, pilot of Alaska Transport. Then in a hurried talk with the radio operator at Fort Nelson, he learned that the Alaska Transport plane, one hour out of Edmonton, had reported trouble and was trying for a landing. He knew this district and the one spot Scott would try to make. A plane was in trouble, a pilot's life was at stake. Captain Aero's better self rose to the call. He prayed that his hunch would not fail him as he fought off the bitterness of the injustice done him by Alaska Transport.

Jim Scott, though badly injured in the crack-up of his plane, managed to crawl to safety and out of the flames that spread rapidly to standing timber and which the wind with its northward sweep of sleet and snow fanned into a roaring furnace. Tragedy was in the air. Back at Edmonton the radio operator's repeated calls met with silence.

As Captain Aero flew South, his spirits rose. He had no trouble picking up landmarks, stretches of swamp, Eric Swanson's hut, Bugs River, Browning's Lake and Mount Scoper. About 150 miles southeast of Ft. Nelson, when lifting his plane to three thousand feet to avoid what he thought was a cloud, he smelled smoke and now knew that Scott had crashed in flames which were devouring the forest. Then lifting to ten, fifteen, twenty thousand feet, his eyes caught the unscorched south line of forest and he knew that somewhere in the fifty miles that lay between he would find what was left of the plane. Then suddenly came the coughing and sputtering of his engine in the climb, and with the need of oxygen, the mental fade-out.

Consciousness returned . . . but strangely in reverse. He heard the labored grind of the

engine after relieving the pressure on his ear drums by swallowing, then the realization that he had been dead to the world. But where, what and why of the cloud just ahead? He was still fighting the smoke of the fantasy of his past when, glancing back, came the confused impression that the still unconscious gunner was old Jim Scott whom he had managed to rescue from the raging flames, as they swept into the shielding embrace of the protective cloud. With the first touch of its icy crystals he seized the propeller pitch lever. The engine left off coughing and then came full consciousness . . . the engine stalled. Somewhere six Heinkels were waiting. He called to the gunner as he shoved the wheel forward to pick up flying speed in an effort to avoid a tailspin.

Pulling out of the dive, the horizon marker began a puzzling dance, but he was calm and gaining control. They had flying speed. The gunner came to life. The enemy planes were circling below as he dived for them at full throttle, catching the black outline of one. He hoped the gunner would take him for one of their own when he reached their level. Now the ship was above them. Hauling the wheel back and with the Heinkel framed in his ring sight, he pressed the button of the electric guns and felt the jar of the recoil. A great red flare told him of the coming crash of a Heinkel. Circling back, he came on the tail of another now centered in his sights and tripped the nose gun trigger for a second score.

Captain Aero was climbing and wheeling for another dive when a bullet struck him. Things looked desperate as he dived for the lead ship and blasted with all he could offer and saw it slip from the sky, out of control. Again he climbed and wheeling for a dive was amazed to find the others had given up the flight and were fast fading in the distance. He could have followed and perhaps overtaken them, but decided upon a landing. He got down all right but had to be lifted from the cock-pit. In the hospital, Captain Aero finished recounting the story of his fade-out and his fantastic travel back to his past, and how he rescued Jim Scott and induced him to join Alaskan Airways, Inc., with its modern ship, to relieve him for service with the R.A.F.





# TROOPER 'PAT' CORRIGAN *of the* STATE POLICE

THOUSANDS OF SQUARE MILES OF FARMS, MOUNTAINS AND INDUSTRIAL CENTERS ARE LEFT IN THE CARE OF A HANDFUL OF GREY-CLAD STATE TROOPERS, DILIGENTLY PATROLLING THE HIGHWAYS AND BY-WAYS-- THEY ARE THE GUARDIANS OF THE LIVES OF MILLIONS OF RURAL NEW YORKERS





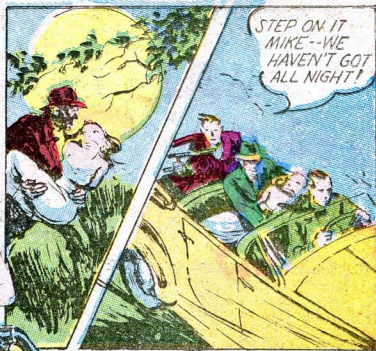
AS THE THUGS OVERPOWER  
THEIR STARTLED VICTIM,  
A FALLING TELEPHONE  
GOES UNNOTICED ---

HELP!



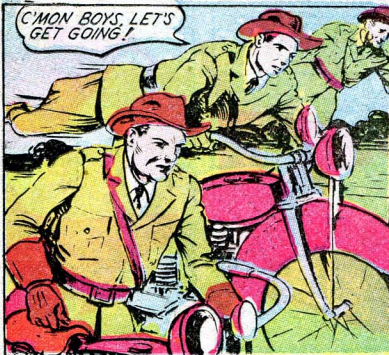
BUT AN ALERT  
OPERATOR HEARS  
BETTY'S SCREAMS  
AND IMMEDIATELY  
NOTIFIES THE  
STATE POLICE ---

IS HOLLOW DRIVE?  
RIGHT! -- BE  
THERE  
RIGHT  
AWAY!

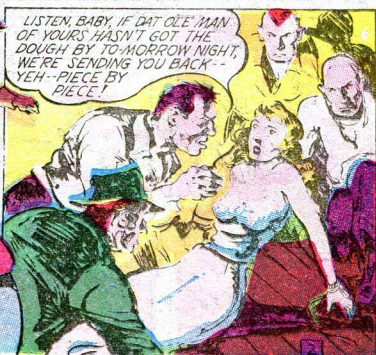


INSIDE, TOOTS,  
YOU'VE GOT  
SOME LETTER  
WRITING TO  
DO!

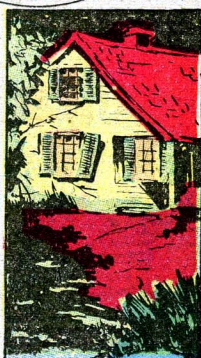
Dear Dad,  
Please have  
\$150.00 ready by  
10-morrow night.  
Don't notify Love,  
Betty



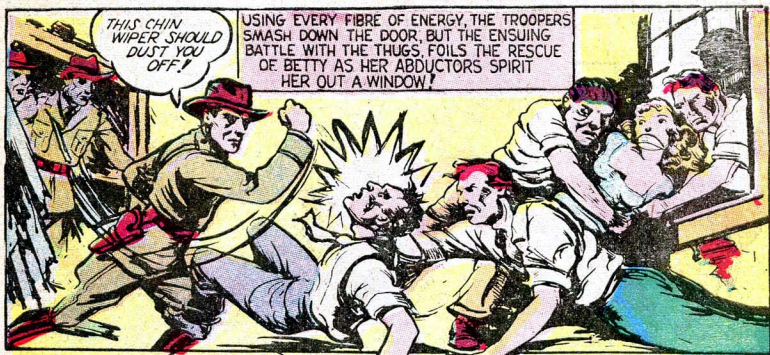
LISTEN, BABY, IF DAT OLE MAN  
OF YOURS HASN'T GOT THE  
DOUGH BY TO-MORROW NIGHT,  
WE'RE SENDING YOU BACK--  
YEH--PIECE BY  
PIECE!











THIS CHIN WIPER SHOULD SUIT YOU OFF!

USING EVERY FIBRE OF ENERGY, THE TROOPERS SMASH DOWN THE DOOR, BUT THE ENSUING BATTLE WITH THE THUGS, FOILS THE RESCUE OF BETTY AS HER ABDUCTORS SPIRIT HER OUT A WINDOW!



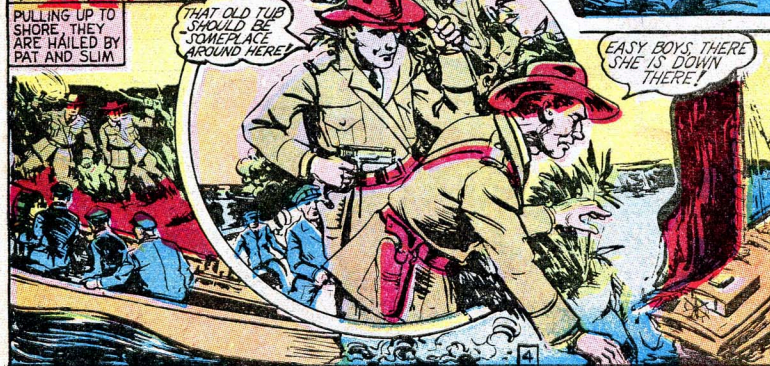
QUICKLY SHE IS TRANSFERRED TO AN OLD SLOOP--

YOU TWO TAKE THE PRISONERS TO HEAD-QUARTERS

COME ON, THE REST OF US HAVE GOTTA FIND THAT GIRL!

MEANWHILE, A PATROL BOAT SPEEDS DOWN THE RIVER!

SAY, MAC, LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE TRYING TO SIGNAL US!



PULLING UP TO SHORE, THEY ARE HAILED BY PAT AND SLIM

THAT OLD TUB SHOULD BE SOMEPLACE AROUND HERE!

EASY BOYS THERE SHE IS DOWN THERE!



QUICKLY CLIMBING ABOARD  
THE TROOPERS RUSH TO  
ATTACK THE FUGITIVES

YOU FELLOWS CARRY  
ON FROM HERE--I'M  
GOING BELOW!

SCRAM, COPPER,  
OR I'LL CARVE  
A PIECE OFF  
THIS CANARY!

UNHEEDING, THE  
TROOPER LEAPS AT THE  
OUTSTRETCHED GUN---

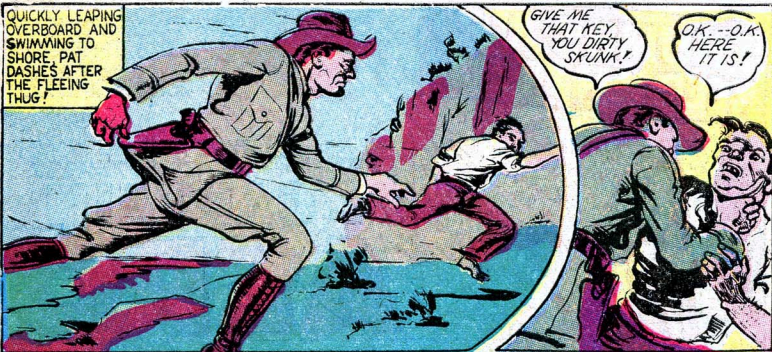
--AND LANDS A  
TERRIFIC RIGHT  
CROSS ON THE  
VILLAIN'S  
CHIN!

THE BLOW SENDS THE GUNMAN OUT THE  
DOOR AND OVER THE RAIL!

GOOD GRAYVY! I FORGOT  
THAT MUG HAS THE  
KEY TO THE GIRL'S  
CHAINS!



QUICKLY LEAPING OVERBOARD AND SWIMMING TO SHORE, PAT DASHES AFTER THE FLEEING THUG!



GIVE ME THAT KEY, YOU DIRTY SKUNK!

O.K. -- O.K. HERE IT IS!

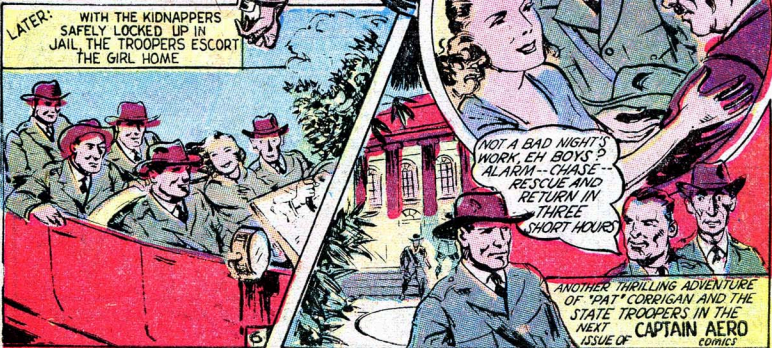
TAKING HIS PRISONER BACK TO THE BOAT, PAT TURNS HIM OVER TO THE OTHER TROOPERS AND HURRIES BELOW!



ALLRIGHT KITTEN, TURN OFF THE WATER WORKS--I'LL HAVE YOU LOOSE IN A JIFFY!

OH, DADDY, IT'S SO GOOD TO BE BACK HOME AGAIN!

LATER: WITH THE KIDNAPERS SAFELY LOCKED UP IN JAIL, THE TROOPERS ESCORT THE GIRL HOME



NOT A BAD NIGHT'S WORK, EH BOYS? ALARM--CHASE--RESCUE AND RETURN IN THREE SHORT HOURS!

ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE OF "PAT" CORRIGAN AND THE STATE TROOPERS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CAPTAIN AERO COMICS



**THUMBS UP!  
KEEP 'EM FLYIN'!**



"AMERICA'S  
SUPER PILOT"



TO THE HIGHEST  
HEIGHTS OF THRILLS  
and  
EXCITEMENT!

RIDE THE SKY TRAILS  
OF ADVENTURE!!

with **CAPTAIN  
AERO**

Don't Miss the next issue!  
presenting **A NEW IDEA!**  
in COMIC BOOK ENTERTAINMENT!

Go to Your Newsdealer  
ORDER IT  
NOW!

**WOW!**

IT'S THE  
CAT'S MEOW!

The  
COMIC BOOK  
THAT HAS  
**EVERYTHING!**

FASTER ACTION!  
MORE THRILLS!  
BETTER STORIES!  
MYSTERY, SUSPENSE!  
and ADVENTURE!

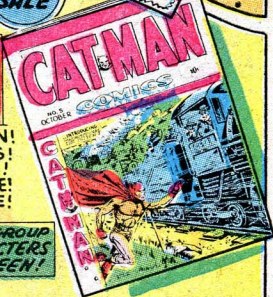
with  
THE MOST AMAZING GROUP  
OF DYNAMIC CHARACTERS  
YOU'VE EVER SEEN!

featuring  
"The DEACON!"  
"The RAGMAN!"  
"The HOOD!"  
"HURRICANE  
HARRIGAN!"  
"LANCE" RAND!  
"DEVIL DOGS"  
"The PIED PIPER!"  
and others!

Read  
**CAT-MAN**  
Comics

OUT EVERY  
MONTH!

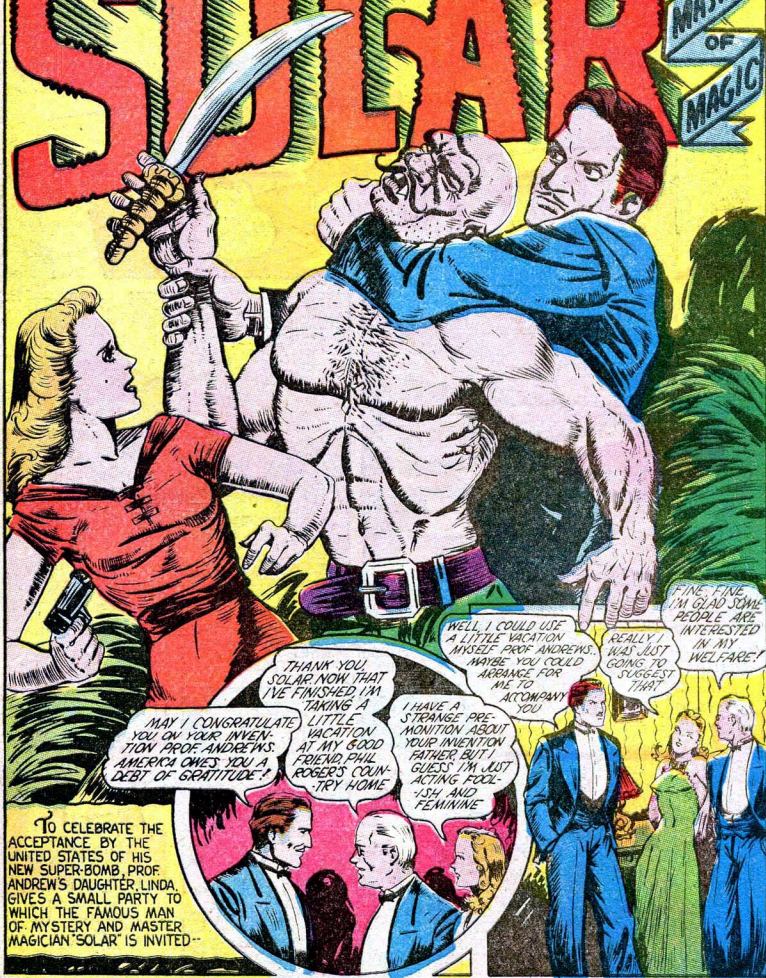
DON'T MISS  
AN ISSUE!





# SOLAR

MASTER  
OF  
MAGIC



THANK YOU, SOLAR NOW THAT I'VE FINISHED I'M TAKING A LITTLE VACATION AT MY GOOD FRIEND, PHIL ROGERS'S COUNTRY HOME

MAY I CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR INVENTION, PROF. ANDREW'S. AMERICA OWES YOU A DEBT OF GRATITUDE!

WELL, I COULD USE A LITTLE VACATION MYSELF, PROF. ANDREW'S. MAYBE YOU COULD ARRANGE FOR ME TO ACCOMPANY YOU

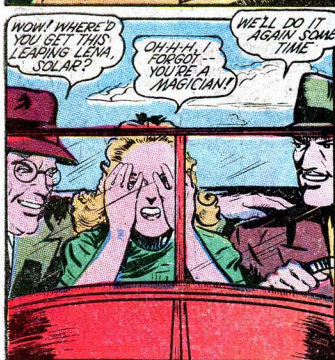
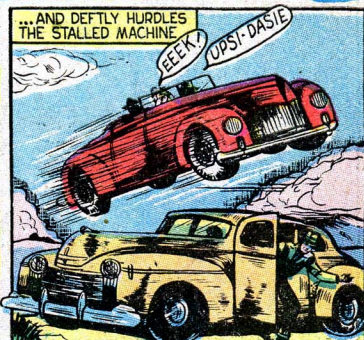
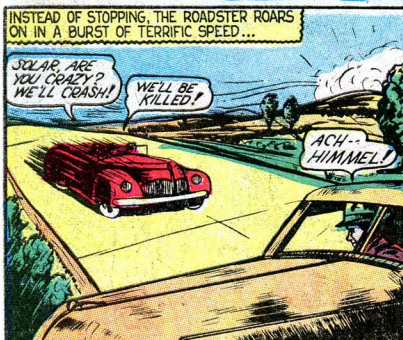
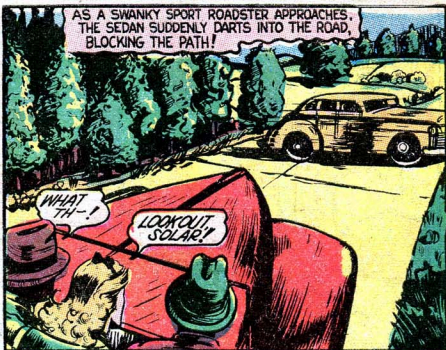
REALLY I WAS JUST GOING TO SUGGEST THAT

FINE, FINE, I'M GLAD SOME PEOPLE ARE INTERESTED IN MY WELFARE!

I HAVE A STRANGE PREMONITION ABOUT YOUR INVENTION, FATHER, BUT I GUESS I'M JUST ACTING FOOLISH AND FEMININE

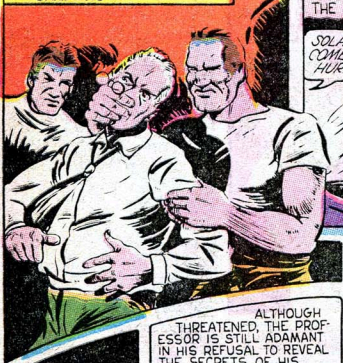
TO CELEBRATE THE ACCEPTANCE BY THE UNITED STATES OF HIS NEW SUPER-BOMB, PROF. ANDREW'S DAUGHTER, LINDA, GIVES A SMALL PARTY TO WHICH THE FAMOUS MAN OF MYSTERY AND MASTER MAGICIAN 'SOLAR' IS INVITED--







THEN SUDDENLY OUT OF THE SHADOWS...



LATER THAT NIGHT, SOLAR IS AWAKENED BY A CRY FROM THE PROFESSOR'S ROOM

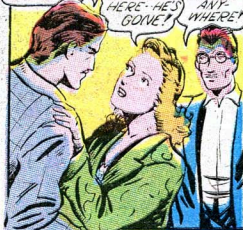
SOLAR, SOLAR, COME HERE, HURRY!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE LINDA!

LINDA, WHAT'S WRONG?

DAD'S NOT HERE - HE'S GONE!

WE CAN'T FIND HIM ANYWHERE!



NOW DON'T YOU WORRY, LINDA - I'LL FIND YOUR DAD - YOU CAN BET YOUR LIFE ON THAT!



ALTHOUGH THREATENED, THE PROFESSOR IS STILL ADAMANT IN HIS REFUSAL TO REVEAL THE SECRETS OF HIS MOMENTOUS INVENTION

YOU WOULDN'T DARE KILL ME - I'M TOO VALUABLE!

HEH - HEH - WHAT ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER!



HERE, HERE, TAKE IT EASY!

YOU - YOU LEAVE HER ALONE!

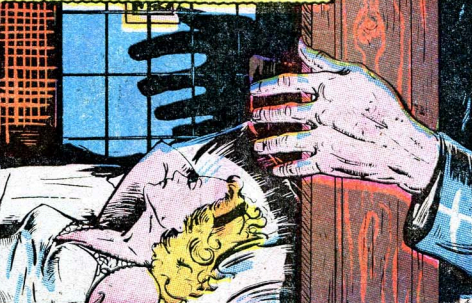
SURE - IF YOU GIVE US THE FORMULA!



NO! I - I - CAN'T!

ALL RIGHT MEN - GET THE GIRL!

THAT NIGHT, WHILE LINDA RESTLESSLY MOVES IN HER SLEEP, A SECRET WALL PANEL OPENS





SENSING DANGER, LINDA AWAKENS WITH A START---



LEAPING FROM THE BED, SHE SCREAMS AS ROUGH HANDS GRASP HER!



SOLAR!  
SOLAR!  
HELP!

SOLAR, DASHING FROM HIS ROOM, SLIPS ON HIS CAPE OF MYSTERY AND FADES INTO INVISIBILITY...



LIKE A WRAITH, HE QUICKLY SLIPS INTO THE SECRET PASSAGEWAY...



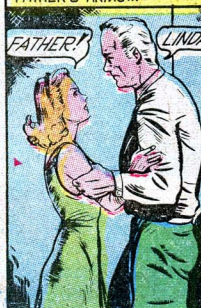
...AND WITH A WELL DIRECTED KICK, SENDS ONE OF THE HOODLUMS SPRAWLING ---



GET UP YOU CLUMSY CLOWN!

BOSS! SOMEVUN KICKED ME!

LINDA RUNS TO HER ANXIOUS FATHER'S ARMS...



LINDA!

COME ON, SISTER WE HAVE PLANS FOR YOU LEFT-HIGH PLANS!

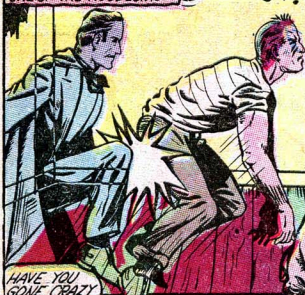
LEAVE ME ALONE--FATHER, HELP!

STOP! TAKE YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF OF HER!





WITHOUT WARNING, THE  
INVISIBLE SOLAR KNEES  
ONE OF THE HOODLUMS



HAVE YOU  
GONE CRAZY  
FRITZ?

MAYBE HE  
WANTS TO  
ENTER-  
TAIN  
US!



THE HOODLUM SOCKS THE  
NEAREST NAZI!



BOP!

LIFTING THE THUG'S FEET  
HIGH, SOLAR  
SENDS HIM  
FLAT ON HIS  
FACE!



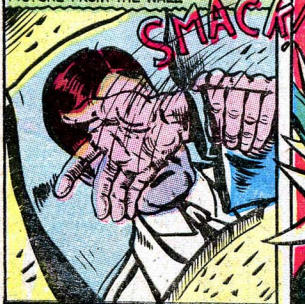
CUT OUT THE  
POOLISHNESS!  
WE'LL SALUTE DER  
FUEHRER BEFORE  
WE PROCEED  
WITH THE  
BUSINESS  
ON HAND!



HEIL  
HITLER!



GRASPING THE LEADER'S FOREARM,  
SOLAR FORCES HIM TO SLAP THE  
PICTURE FROM THE WALL



GET HIM! HE  
IS A TRAITOR--  
HE STRUCK DER  
FUEHRER!



THE HOOD IS JERKED  
FROM THE UNCONSCIOUS  
LEADER'S HEAD TO REVEAL



THE FACE OF  
PHIL ROGERS!



SOLAR TWISTS  
FRITZ'S EAR!

THE ENRAGED NAZI TURNS TO SLUG  
THE NEAREST THUG--

MR. ROGERS!

PHIL!

OW!

WHY YOU--  
ENOUGH'S ENOUGH!

THE THUG RETALIATES BY  
THROWING A BUCKET---

DISCARDING HIS  
CAPE OF MYSTERY,  
SOLAR JOINS IN  
THE FRAY...

THIS LOOKS  
PROMISING--GUESS  
I'LL JOIN!

HEY, VERD  
YOU COME  
FROM?

OH, I THOUGHT  
I'D SHOW YOU  
BOYS A GOOD  
OLD U.S.A.  
BLITZKRIEG!

THE LAST NAZI PROMPTLY  
DISPATCHES HIMSELF WITH  
SOLAR'S HELP...

TSK! TSK!  
IS THAT  
NICE?

HELLO FOLKS.  
ARE YOU O.K.?

IT'S AMAZING  
WHERE IN THE  
WORLD DID  
YOU GET YOUR  
STRANGE  
POWERS?

FINE,  
THANKS TO  
YOU, SOLAR!

THIS DIAMOND FROM KING  
SOLOMON'S MINES GIVES THE  
WEARER THE POWER  
OF PERFORMING  
MIRACLES. WITH  
THE AID OF THIS  
JEWEL WE HAVE  
BROUGHT ONE OF  
THE WORST  
SPY RINGS EVER  
TO INFEST THIS  
NATION!

THE  
GREATEST  
COMIC BOOK  
EVER!!!

DON'T MISS  
THE NEXT  
THRILLING ISSUE  
OF  
**CAPTAIN  
AERO** COMICS



# 'CAP' STONE

EL



CAP STONE, ADVENTURER, ACCIDENTLY BECOMES A MEMBER OF A VAST UNDERSEA KINGDOM. ANTAGONIZING TRITON, HE BECOMES INVOLVED IN A FIGHT WITH HIM WHILE SPEEDING IN AN AERO-CAR WHICH HURTTLES OFF A CLIFF... CAP JUMPS SAYING HIMSELF, BELIEVING TRITON DEAD HE GOES BACK TO THE CITY OF AQUARI. BUT TRITON CRAWLS FROM THE WRECKAGE ALIVE.....





BUT I'LL NEED  
HELP...MMM...I HAVE  
KING ZERO...




HE WAS BANISHED FROM  
AQUARI!... HE'LL DO ANYTHING  
TO GET EVEN.



IT CAN'T BE MUCH FARTHER.  
I MUST HAVE WALKED MILES...



BLAST IT ALL IT LOOKS LIKE I...I WON'T  
MAKE IT...



ONE OF ZERO'S  
CORAL MEN NOTICES  
TRITON'S PLIGHT




PICKING HIM UP  
HE TAKES HIM  
TO ZERO'S  
PALACE...



WHAT DO YOU  
WANT? YOUR  
KIND ISN'T WEL-  
COME HERE...

ALMIGHTY ZERO  
I HAVE A PLAN  
WHICH WILL PUT  
YOU ON THE THRONE  
OF THE UNDERSEA  
KINGDOM.

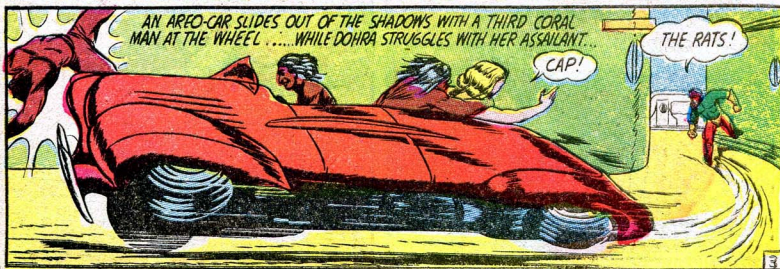
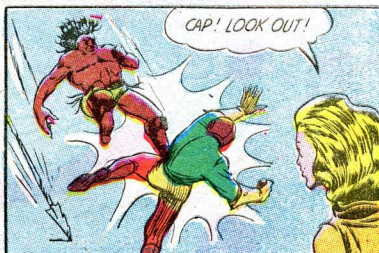


EH! WHAT'S THAT  
AND WHAT WOULD  
YOU GAIN FROM  
IT?



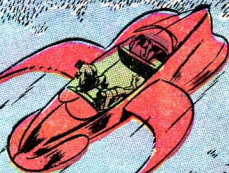
REVENGE THAT'S ALL. NOW,  
HERE'S MY PLAN...



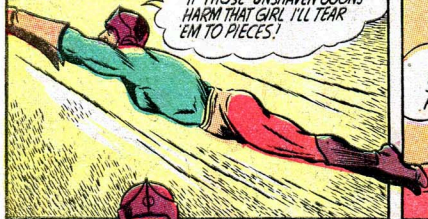




AS THE AREO-CAR GATHERS SPEED ITS COLLAPSIBLE WINGS  
SLIDE OUT OF THE SIDES AND IT SOARS OFF...



IF THOSE UNSHAVEN GOONS  
HARM THAT GIRL I'LL TEAR  
EM TO PIECES!



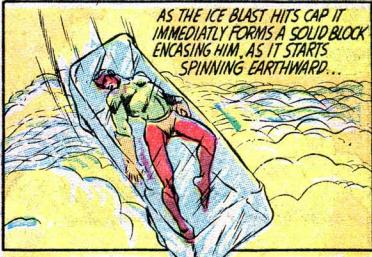
HAH! ICE GUN WILL  
STOP THAT IMPETUOUS  
FOOL!



WOW! ICE!



AS THE ICE BLAST HITS CAP IT  
IMMEDIATELY FORMS A SOLID BLOCK  
ENCASING HIM, AS IT STARTS  
SPINNING EARTHWARD...

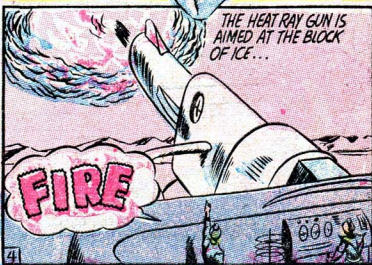


MEANWHILE THE DWELLERS OF AQUARI WATCH  
SPELLBOUND

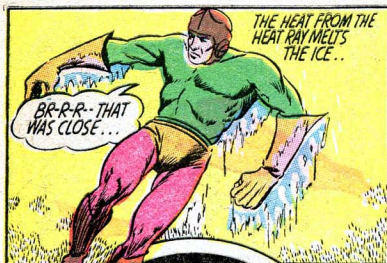
QUICK! WHEEL OUT THE HEAT RAY!



THE HEAT RAY GUN IS  
AIMED AT THE BLOCK  
OF ICE...

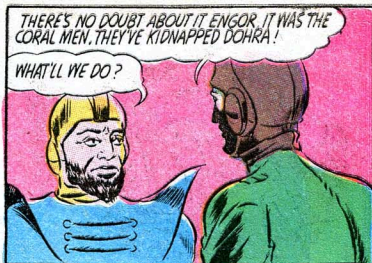






THE HEAT FROM THE  
HEAT RAY MELTS  
THE ICE...

BR-R-R... THAT  
WAS CLOSE...



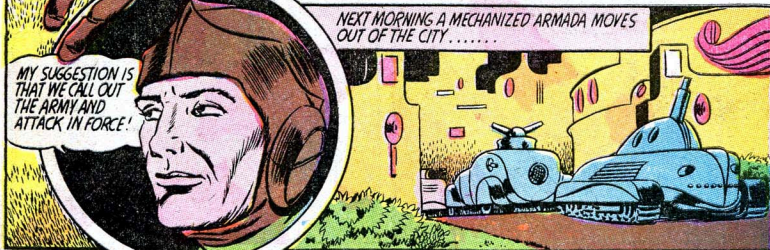
THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT ENGOR. IT WAS THE  
CORAL MEN. THEY'VE KIDNAPPED DOHRA!

WHAT'LL WE DO?

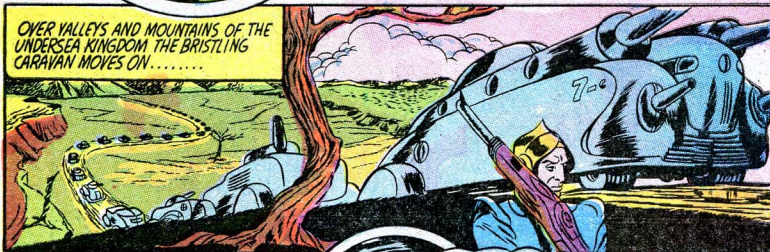


MY SUGGESTION IS  
THAT WE CALL OUT  
THE ARMY AND  
ATTACK IN FORCE!

NEXT MORNING A MECHANIZED ARMADA MOVES  
OUT OF THE CITY.....



OVER VALLEYS AND MOUNTAINS OF THE  
UNDERSEA KINGDOM THE BRISTLING  
CARAVAN MOVES ON.....



SUDDENLY THE LEAD TANK NUDGES A LAND  
MINE AND THE BATTLE IS ON!



HA! MY PLAN WORKED,  
NOW THEY'RE TRAPPED!

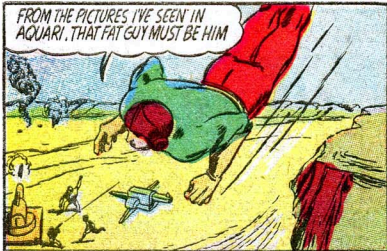
KEEP FIRING INTO  
THAT COLUMN!



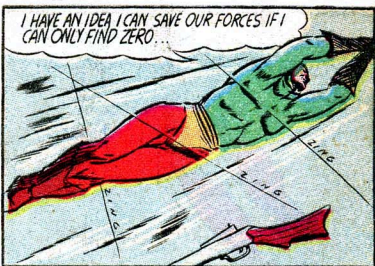
WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE WHILE THEIR ARTILLERY COMMANDS THE SURROUNDING BLUFFS!



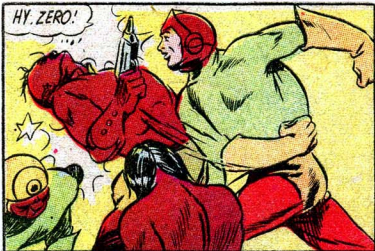
FROM THE PICTURES I'VE SEEN IN AQUARI, THAT FAT GUY MUST BE HIM



I HAVE AN IDEA I CAN SAVE OUR FORCES IF I CAN ONLY FIND ZERO...

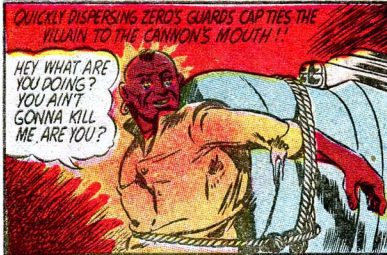


HY, ZERO!



QUICKLY DISPERSING ZERO'S GUARDS CAP TIES THE VILLAIN TO THE CANNON'S MOUTH!!

HEY WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU AIN'T GONNA KILL ME, ARE YOU?



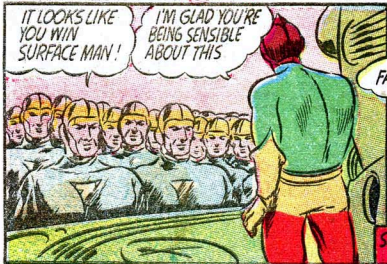
CAP COMMANDEERS AN ENEMY SOUND TRUCK...

LEGIONS OF ZERO! CEASE FIRING OR SEE YOUR LEADER BLOWN TO ETERNITY!!!



IT LOOKS LIKE YOU WIN SURFACE MAN!

I'M GLAD YOU'RE BEING SENSIBLE ABOUT THIS



LATER DOHRA IS RELEASED AND TRITON IS TAKEN PRISONER... KING ZERO AND HIS ARMY IS DISARMED.

FATHER

DOHRA

MARCH! THERE'S A CELL WAITING FOR YOU!



SEE CAP STONE NEXT MONTH IN CAPTAIN AERO COMICS...



# HERE THEY ARE!

**THE FASTEST MOVING, SUPER-ACTION CHARACTERS IN COMIC BOOK HISTORY!**

FOLLOW THESE GREAT  
ACTION STRIPS

*The Sensational*  
**CAT-MAN**

*The* **DEACON**

AND HIS AMAZING BOY  
FRIEND **MICKEY**  
**HURRICANE HARRIGAN**  
A COWBOY IN INDIA

*The* **PIED PIPER**  
AND THE PIPE OF DEATH.

**BLAZE BAYLOR**  
DR. DIAMOND  
AND THE UNUSUAL  
**RAG-MAN**  
AND OTHERS.

GET CAT-MAN  
TODAY FOR  
THE THRILL  
OF THRILLS

OVER  
500

*Picture*  
!

*Read*

**DON'T MISS AN ISSUE!**

**10¢**

ON SALE AT  
ALL NEWS-  
STANDS.

**CAT-MAN COMICS**